

THE NAPANEE

Vol. XXXVII] No. 37—JNO. POLLARD, Editor and Publisher.

NAPANEE ONT., CAN.

CLEARING SALE!!

Having recently gone through my stock of CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASSWARE, and found it much larger than it should be at this season of the year I have decided to offer it FOR THE NEXT 2 MONTHS at a trifle above cost in order to reduce it. Bring on your cash and see what bargains you can secure. I have also a full and choice selected stock of FINE FAMILY GROCERIES all of which will be sold as cheap as reliable goods can be sold.

W. COXALL.

The Store where you can get the most change back.

We believe in giving our customers the WORLD'S BEST at the WORLD'S CHEAPEST and our belief is strongly exemplified in our large assortment of

Men's, Youth's and Boy's Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Men's

Furnishing Goods, which you will find perfect in satisfaction and reliability.

It is our intention and purpose to treat everyone who enters our establishment so well, and to give them such value for every dollar they invest, that they come back again and again. We are continually studying the needs of the people we deal with and endeavoring to give them a better quality for less money than they can find elsewhere.

Can we win your patronage by square dealing and liberal treatment in every way?

A. M. VINEBERG.

Cheap Clothier, Dundas St., Henry Block, Napanee.

Choice Groceries

Fresh new Goods at lowest prices, comprising: Raisins—finest Valentias, Californias, Sultana or Seedless, also stem and seeded in one pound packages.

Blue and Black Basket Desert Raisins. The finest Spanish stock. Currants, cleaned and ready for use.

Figs, nuts, confectionery peels, California apricots, prunes, flavoring extracts and spices.

Snowflake Pastry Flour, made by W. W. Ogilvie the largest miller in Canada. Use this and your Christmas Pastry will not disappoint you. Cream of the West, best Bread Flour, Cheese and Creamery Butter.

TAYLOR & MORRIS.

NEW PLANING MILL AND LUMBER YARD.

Now in full operation. All kinds Lumber, Sash, Doors and Blinds. Custom work done on shortest notice. Get our prices before buying. Mr. Embury is prepared to draw plans for parties wanting them.

Embury & Madole.

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.
Physician, Surgeon, etc.

Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital.
Office: North side of Dundas Street, between West and Albert Streets, Napanee. 5-17

T. W. SIMPSON, B.A., M.D., C.A.
Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians
Edinburgh.
Office—Dr. Grant's late residence, Bridge St.

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE FARM.

IT'S EA

to sell goods when the goods
These are the two strongest points single yard of Goods and every sing an advertisement in itself. We don't Dress Goods wrong—or Dress Goods Everything must be the very best money in Canada.

New Dress Goods

Grand Display on and after

It would simply be impossible for us to give you a variety we are showing in New Dress Goods and Silks. August 29th, and we will be glad to show you all our new stock prepared for a very large season's trade and have the largest stock

Boy's School

We make a specialty of Boy's Clothing. We have in price from \$1.50 to \$7.50 per suit. We can fit boys of any from us look for the guarantee card in the pockets.

Table Linens &

Our Linen Department is thoroughly up to date. buyers. For instance:

60 inch Table Linen, Unbleached, worth 35c.	for 25c	6
60 inch " " " " 50c.	for 37c	6
60 inch " " " " 75c.	for 48c	7

Table Napkins at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.48, \$1.50, \$1.75. Linen than all the other stores in Napanee put together.

Corset

We are showing an extra value in a Corset at 50c at 75c. We keep the celebrated "D & A" Corset at 75c, \$1. "Yatisi" at \$1.25. We sell the new style in short Corsets at values in Corsets at any time.

FLANNELETTES---

You can search from what you Flannelette worth 7c, for 5c per yard. We have Flannelette English Flannelettes at 10 and 12c which are beautiful goods you our goods.

HERRINGTON & WARNER
Barristers, etc.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES
Office—Warner Block, East-st, Napanee, 57

A. S. ASHLEY,
.....DENTIST.....
40 YEARS EXPERIENCE
.....12 YEARS IN NAPANEE.
25 Rooms above Mowat's Dry Goods Store, Napanee.

DEROCHE & MADIEN
Barristers,
Atorney-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.
Office—Grange block.
Money to Loan at "lower than the lowest" rates
H. M. DEROCHE, Q. C. 517 J. H. MADDEN

MORDEN & RUTTAN,
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.
Solicitors for the Merchant's Bank of Canada, etc., etc.
Dundas Street, Napanee.
G. F. RUTTAN.
Private funds to loan at five per cent.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,
Dundas Street, Napanee.
H. HUNTER, Prop.
This commodious hotel is centrally situated having every convenience for the travelling and business public. Large yard and sheds for farmers.
Good table, best of wines, liquors, and cigars.
The comfort of guests is made a first consideration.

DENTISTS
C. D. WARTMAN, L.D.S.
C. H. WARTMAN, D.D.S.
Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, and graduates of Toronto University.
OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK.
Visits made to Tamworth the first Monday of each month, remaining over Tuesday, and the following Monday. C. D. Wartman will be in office on other Mondays.
Napanee office open every day.

JAS. AYLESWORTH,
POLICE MAGISTRATE for the Provincial Electoral District of Addington.
Conveyancer,
G. T. Ry. Ticket Agent,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
Commissioner, etc., in H.C./
Clerk, 7th Division Court, of the County of Lennox & Addington
TAMWORTH.

MAIN'S
CIRCUS
NEXT WEEK.

Main's Circus will erect its tents at
BELLEVILLE
—ON—
Thursday, Sept. 1st.

The Associated Press despatches of the 19th July, 1898, announced—and they are authentic—that the Walter L. Main show, was going to move to Canada and make permanent headquarters there.
Regarding the show's magnitude, it is as large as any on the Western Hemisphere to-day. In merit it is probably better than any we have seen in years. This may possibly be attributed to Mr. Main's ambition to actually excel all previous shows, with a view towards establishing a trade mark in Canada that will not be obliterated by any future circus. While the menagerie department is not the very biggest on earth, it comprises over twenty-five dens and has in one feature alone a greater novelty in the baby elephant than

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at Sproule's hotel, Odessa, in the Township of Ernestown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, on FRIDAY, THE 18th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1898, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the following valuable farm property:
All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situated, lying and being in the Township of Ernestown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, being composed of the east half of lot number forty in the second concession of the said Township of Ernestown, containing by admeasurement one hundred acres more or less.

Upon the premises are a good frame house and barn, orchard and other improvements.
Terms and conditions of sale will be as shown at the time of sale. For further particulars apply to

JOHN ENGLISH, Vendor's solicitor.
Napanee, Ontario.
Dated at Napanee, the 16th day of August, 1898.

R. & O. CUT RATE LINE

Twice daily (Sunday excepted) between
Kingston - and - Cape - Vincent

The fast side wheel iron-steamers



"RICHELIEU"

will until further notice leave Swift's wharf, Kingston, twice daily, at 9:30 a.m. and 2:15 p.m. for Cape Vincent, N.Y., connecting with R. & O. R. R. for all points east, west and south.

CAUTION—You will save by purchasing tickets to Kingston only, and take this steamer to Cape Vincent. Do not listen to false reports and misstatements made by our rivals. Tickets on board steamer, only 25c each way. Cut this out and send to your friends.

For further information address
T. J. CRAIG,
Supt., Kingston, Ont.

\$7 to \$10 a Week in leisure hours; any one can do the work. We want reliable families in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toggles, Gaiters and Bicycle Leggings for the trade, by a new process. No canvassing or experience required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address: THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING CO., 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.

A Dramatic Author.
Like most actor managers, Macready was pestered by would be dramatic authors. An ambitious young fellow brought him a five act tragedy one morning to Drury Lane.

"My piece," modestly explained the author, "is a chef d'œuvre. I will answer for its success, for I have consulted the sanguinary taste of the public. My tragedy is so tragic that all the characters are killed off at the end of the third act."

"With whom, then," asked the manager, "do you carry on the action of the last two acts?"

"With the ghosts of those who died in the third!"—Cornhill Magazine.

How to Drive Away Ants.
Ants can often be driven away by sprinkling about their haunts ashes saturated with coal oil. They can be trapped and killed by placing sweet oil where they have access to it, as they are very fond of it, but it has the effect to close their spiracles and thus kills by asphyxia.—Vicks Magazine.

Fiction Enough.
It happened in a book store.
"What can I show you, madam?" he asked. "Something in the line of fiction?"
"No," she answered slowly. "I think I'll try history for a change. I got enough fiction when my husband gets home late from the club."—Chicago Post.

Mme. de Pompadour encouraged fan painting and also collected fine specimens of the work. Greuze, Watteau and other great artists did not disdain to lend their talents to the art. These pictures were done mostly on vellum or chicken skin.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY.

To Correspondents.—Persons sending in items from the surrounding district must sign their names to correspondence as a sign of good faith, not for publication. Any correspondence received without the name attached will not be published.

BELL ROCK.

Harvesting is about over and threshing has commenced.

A heavy shower passed over yesterday that will do the root crops much good.

Nearly all the wells in the vicinity are dry and the water in the creek is very low.

Owen Mehan lost his house, with its contents, by fire last week.

It is with regret that the death of Mrs. Edward Chase sr. is announced. She was one of the first residents here and was highly respected.

The funeral of Miss Trainer, Verona, passed through here to the R.C. church Centreville.

W. A. Wheeler left on Thursday for Manitoba. He has the best wishes for his success from his many friends.

School has re-opened with W. R. Glover, Camden East, as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Jacquith (nee Miss Kate Tallon) spent their honeymoon here at the residence of her mother Mrs. Ann Tallon. They will reside in Kingston.

Miss Jane Tallon, Rochester, N.Y., visiting relations here, has returned to that city.

Miss Leonard, visiting at Mrs. H. A. Martins, has returned home to Westbrook.

The Boyle bottom milk can is now the best known can made. Everyone who wants a good can buys the Boyle bottom. Sold only by
Boyle & Son.

ODESSA.

On Thursday evening last the Methodist church choir, with a few of their friends, were entertained at the residence of Sidney Clark. Ice cream and cake were served, and altogether a very enjoyable evening spent.

Rev. Mr. McKee preached the first of a series of temperance sermons to a large congregation in the Methodist church on Sunday night last.

J. A. Timmerman, C. R., has been appointed by Court Odessa, I.O.F., as delegate to the meeting of the high court to be held in Pembroke on the 6th and 7th October next.

Mrs. P. A. Mabey with a party of a dozen or so spent Saturday and Sunday last at Thousand Island Park.

Mr. Hackett, Port Huron, spent Saturday and Sunday at S. J. Sproul's, returning home on Monday with his wife and children.

Miss Lou and Mary Timmerman left on Tuesday morning for an extended trip to New Hampshire, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Miss Nora Lee, left on Tuesday for Rochester, where she has secured a position.

A. H. St. Germaine, Toronto Junction, promoter of the auto-car, gave us a call last week.

Another happy father in town, Wm. Babcock, it is a daughter.

Visitors: Phillip Sherlock, wife and family, Killarney, Man., at Dr. Meacham's. Mrs. and Miss Rogers, Hamilton, at Mrs. Anson Storms'. Miss Goldsmith and Miss Way, Picton, at James Smith's. Misses Shorey, Newburgh, at Geo. Watts'. Mrs. Wheeler, Tamworth, at Abram Fraser's. Mrs. Asselstine, Kingston, at Henry Asselstine's. Wm. Cairn, Napanee, at his home here. Mrs. Potter, New

York state, at O. D. Lewis'. S. A. Denyes and wife spent a couple of days last week, visiting friends in Prince Edward county. Mrs. (Rev.) Washington was taken ill, at Mrs. Day's on Saturday night last and is still confined to her bed.

Cloves' Mills grind Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. All grists should be in before noon if wished same day.
Jas. A. Cluse.

TAMWORTH.

Our dry season seems to be over at last and the showers of the last few days have already improved the pastures and vegetation in general.

Among those who took in the Northwest excursion on Thursday last were Mr. Andy Huffman, A. Donovan and wife, Johnnie and Einlay Bell, and J. Murphy.

Harvesting is over in this vicinity and threshing is now the order of the day.

Mr. Ed. Dawson and daughter Kathleen who have been ill with typhoid fever are now convalescent.

Misses Alice Corran, of Colborne, and Annie Gillespie, of Wolfe Island, are visiting friends here.

Miss Mace, of Rochester, is spending her holidays with her parents.

Mrs. R. Hawkes and daughter Mabel, of Renfrew, are visiting at Mr. Jas. Barrie's.

Rev. Mr. Ballantyne has returned from his trip to England and is now in Montreal. We are glad to hear his health is improved and we hope he will soon be able to return to his duties.

Mr. Stuart Lockridge is spending a few days in town.

Prof. Nicholson, of Kingston, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last.

Patriotic Post cards five cents per dozen at POLLARD'S BOOKSTORE.

No other preparation has ever done so many people so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's greatest medicine.

WILTON.

(Crowded out last week.)

Mrs. James Davy who has been a great sufferer for the last few months died Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The funeral services were conducted at the house Tuesday, at 10 o'clock by Rev. H. B. Rowe. Six brothers, A. E. and E. Gallagher, Portland; John and William, Harrowsmith and L. L. and Aaron, Wilton, acted as pall-bearers. A husband and three children, two sons and two daughters are left to mourn her loss. All sympathize with them in their sad bereavement.

Miss Emily Simmons and Mordy Storms have resumed their schools at Glenfield and Mississippi.

Miss Linda Babcock has returned from a visit with friends in Trenton and Wooler.

Mr. and Miss VanSlyck, Morven, spent Sunday at W. H. Neilson's.

Mrs. Morrison, Yonge's Mills, is the guest of her brother-in-law, Lester Babcock.

Miss Marguerite Storms is spending her holidays in Belleville.

Bunker Storms and Miss Flora Peters were amongst the successful candidates for Primary at the recent examinations at Newburgh.

Eldridge Babcock and Sim Storms took in the Watertown excursion last Wednesday.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

THE EXPRESS.

11/6/98
BOOK

CANADA—FRIDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1898.

\$1 per Year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

ASY.....

Goods are right and the prices right. Goods in our New Fall Stock. Every single article we sell we want to be right. We don't want Cottons to be right and Goods right and Clothing wrong. The best value that can be had for the

Goods and Silks.

After Monday, August 29th.

Give you a full conception on paper of the extent, beauty and styles. We therefore invite you to call on or after Monday, new styles, whether you wish to buy or not. We have the best stock we have ever shown.

Pool Clothing

We have received a splendid assortment of new goods ranging of any age from 5 years up. When you are buying Clothing

Table Napkins

ate. We have values which are a surprise to most Linen

5c	64 inch Table Linen, Bleached,	worth 50c.	for 37c.
7c	62 inch " " " "	75c.	for 50c.
8c	72 inch " " " "	\$1.25	for \$1.00

\$1.75, \$1.98, \$2.25, etc., etc. People tell us that we sell more. With such values as these it is no wonder.

Values

at 50c per pair. It is easily equal to anything you can buy, \$1.00 and \$1.25 per pair. We have the "Magnetic" and sets at \$1.00 per pair. Your money back if you can beat our

scarcely think or wish for anything in Flannelettes different at you can get in this store. We have an extra wide flannelettes at 7c per yard, worth 10c. We have Imported goods and beautiful values. We will be pleased to show

LUMBER.

If you are in need of Lumber of any Kind, call and inspect our stock and get prices.

Rough Lumber \$6.00 and \$8.00 per M.

Dressed Lumber of all kinds always in stock, also Doors, Sash, Mouldings, &c.

Lath, Shingles. Portland Cement, Land Plaster, Pressed Brick, Mill Wood, and Cordwood. Your patronage Solicited.

The Rathbun Company.

R. SHIPMAN, Agent.

We are Selling more Sugar for \$1.00 than any other store in the town.

All kinds Fresh Fruit and Vegetables. Fresh Tomatoes, Watermelons, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas.

Self-Sealers in all sizes, very cheap.

All kinds of fresh and salt meats, bologna sausage. All kinds of poultry in season.

Don't forget we have the celebrated Blue Ribbon Tea, can be had only of

J. F. Smith.

Why They Wore Armor.

To such a pitch of exasperation did the practice of using buttons in the shirt drive the men of the middle ages that they adopted the plan of wearing brass or steel armor, fastened together with metallic bolts. The popular idea that men wore armor in order to fight in it is manifestly absurd, since no man could possibly have fought when incased in half a hundredweight of metal. Armor was worn solely in order to avoid the worry of shirts with missing buttons.

There were distinct advantages connected with the chain steel shirts. When one of these garments came home on Saturday night from the washerwoman, the owner could feel reasonably certain that the metallic clasps at the neck and in the bosom were all in their proper places, for no washerwoman could have succeeded in detaching them without the use of a cold chisel. If it did so happen that the washerwoman's husband had been run over by a steam roller while wearing a steel shirt belonging to one of his wife's customers, and one of the metallic fastenings had thereby been injured, the customer in question could not accuse his wife of negligence and demand to know why she failed to keep his shirts in proper repair.—London Answers.

Russia's Magnificent Churches.

"The churches in St. Petersburg are so magnificent that they go to your head," writes Lillian Bell in The Ladies' Home Journal. "We did nothing but go to mass on Christmas eve and Christmas day, for although we spent our Christmas in Berlin we arrived in St. Petersburg in time for the Russian Christmas, which comes 12 days later than ours. St. Isaac's, the Kazan and Sts. Peter and Paul dazed me. The icons or images of the Virgin are set with diamonds and emeralds worth a king's ransom. They are only under glass, which is kept mucky from the kisses which the people press upon the hands and feet. The interiors of the cathedrals, with their hundreds of silver couronnes and battleflags and trophies of conquests, look like great

Heroism of the Fishermen.

It is always with a vague regret that we read the sagas, and are thrilled by the viking's exploits. It seems as if the deeds of daring had gone by forever, and as if the heroes of the deep were a myth of the past. Absorbed in the Norse romance, we forget that the vikings were only pirates, and that they dared for slaughter and for booty. If the Gloucester of today had only existed then, what heroic saga would it not have inspired! For to risk life for glory or riches or rescue or love is in the heart of every man to do, but to risk life for a bare existence, for other people's profit and for an anonymous end, partakes of that commonplace sublimity which does not form the favorite plot of poets, although once in a while it is the subject of a daily paragraph.

For the vikings are not dead. From Portland to New Orleans, our harbors are full of them. They lounge upon our wharfs, and we do not recognize them. They loiter on our streets, and we know them not. But if there is a more modest, unassuming, or braver fellow than Jack the fisherman, our eyes have yet to rest upon his face. He is the hardiest and most enduring, the best sailor in the world. For any continental kingdom would give its wealth to possess him for its defense. He is the envy of every maritime nation. Has he no value for us, beyond the halibut and the cod, the haddock and the cusk?—Herbert D. Ward in Century.

The Debate of the Bowie Knife.

To the public mind there were really a necessity. The man who would not fight with the edge of a hat and drop it himself, was soon made to feel that he had very much better not have been born.

There were progressive dads, too, from which the popular mind no more revolted than it does in this era from progressive whist or euchre. It was one of them which gave Bowie and his knife to fame. In some way there had come to be had blood, black and bitter, between him and a certain Colonel Norris Wright. After long bickering,

BINSON CO.

GLENMORE.

The farmers of this section are done harvesting.

Mr. Jas. Connel is on the mend.
Mr. Henry McQuin who has been ill is able to be up again.

R. Wilson who has been visiting at his uncle's, J. F. Smith, returned home last week.

Visitors:—Mrs. R. M. Bell and son De Loss and Mrs. D. D. McDonnell, of Montreal, at J. G. Smith's.

Mr. J. G. Smith's horse ran away Saturday night in Brockville while Mr. Smith was in a store.

The library of congress ranks sixth among the libraries of the world in its present contents. France has the largest, England next; then comes Russia, and Germany follows with her libraries in Munich, Berlin and Strassburg, the last named holding almost equal rank with ours in Washington.

Captain Kidd in Story and In Fact.

Among all the pirates who have figured in history, legend or song there is one whose name stands pre-eminent in America as the typical hero of the dreaded black flag. The name of this man will instantly come to the mind of almost every reader, for when we speak of pirates we usually think of Captain Kidd.

In fact, however, Captain Kidd was not a typical pirate, for in many ways he was different from the ordinary marine freebooter, especially when we consider him in relation to our own country. All other pirates who made themselves notorious on our coast were known as robbers, pillagers and ruthless destroyers of life and property, but Captain Kidd's fame was of another kind. We do not think of him as a pirate who came to carry away the property of American citizens, for nearly all the stories about him relate to his arrival at different points on our shores for the sole purpose of hiding the rich treasures which he had collected in other parts of the world.

This could not fail to make Captain Kidd a most interesting personage, and the result has been that he has been lifted into the region of legendary romance. There are two Captain Kidds—the Kidd of song and story, and the other the Kidd of fact.—Frank R. Stockton in St. Nicholas.

Washing In Hard Water.

It is difficult to wash our hands clean with hard water, because the soda of the soap combines with the sulphuric acid of the hard water and the oil of the soap with the lime and floats in flakes on the top of the water. Sulphate of lime consists of sulphuric acid and lime. It is difficult to wash in salt water because it contains muriatic acid, and the soda of soap combines with the muriatic acid of the salt water and produces a cloudiness.

He Knew Later.

"It is a pretty name," the impressionable traveler murmured. "But tell me, why do they call you Manita?"

There was an arch smile on the savage maiden's face.

"Evidently," she said, as she signaled to her brothers, who were concealed in the bush with clubs, "you do not know our favorite food."—*Harlem Life.*

He Knew Him.

Boy—Mr. Smitters wants to know if you'll lend him an umbrella. He says you know him.

"You may say that I do know him. He will probably understand why you didn't bring the umbrella."—*Boston*

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used. W. S. Dettlor, T. A. Hoffman, A. W. Grange & Bro., Napanee.

Pressure of the Sea.

There are spots in the ocean where the water is five miles deep. If it is true that the pressure of the water on any body in the water is one pound to the square inch for every two feet of the depth, anything at the bottom of one of the "five-mile holes" would have a pressure about it of 13,200 feet to every square inch. There is nothing of human manufacture that would resist such a pressure. That it exists there is no doubt. It is known that the pressure on a well-corked glass bottle at the depth of 300 feet is so great that the water will force its way through the pores of the glass. It is also said that pieces of wood have been weighted and sunk in the sea to such a depth that the tissues have become so condensed that the wood has lost its buoyancy and would never float again. It could not be even made to burn when dry.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

An Arizona Hair Cut.

"Doesn't it disturb you when they have a shooting scrape next door?" asked the tenderfoot who was undergoing an Arizona hair cut.

"Disturb nothin!" answered the barber. "It gener'ly makes it easier."

At this juncture the shooting began at Red Mike's saloon next door. The tenderfoot's hair rose on end, and the barber trimmed it as expeditiously as if he were shearing a hedgehog.—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Has Been There.

Little Elsie—Here in this book it tells about the tree of knowledge. I wonder what kind of a tree that can be?

Little Horace—I guess it must be a cherry tree. Whenever you climb up into one of them, you always know better than to do it again if you got caught.—*Cleveland Leader.*

"In Hoc" Defined.

Mr. de Amor (exhibiting his Knight Templar charm)—I-n h-o-c. Can you tell me, Ethel, what that means?

Ethel (his love's little sister)—Yeth, thir. Ith where your watch itth.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Pronounced Incurable by Doctors But Made Strong and Well by Paine's Celery Compound.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—Having been given up to die some time ago by some of the best doctors of the United States, I came to Canada last autumn terribly ill, and had lost all hope. Suffering agonies from inflammatory rheumatism, I was strongly urged to use Paine's Celery Compound. I gave it a trial as recommended, and the first bottle did me so much good I continued with the medicine until I had used seven bottles. When I found myself perfectly cured, indeed, I never felt better in all my life than at present.

I use every possible means to tell others of Paine's Celery Compound, and will always recommend it to those troubled with rheumatism. Yours very truly
WM. MORRISSETTE.

cathedrals, with their hundreds of silver couronnes and battleflags and trophies of conquests, look like great bazaars. Every column is covered clear to the dome. The tombs of the czar are always surrounded by people, and candles burn the year round. Upon the tomb of Alexander II, under glass, is the exquisite laurel wreath placed there by President Faure. It is of gold and was made by the most famous carver of gold in Europe."

Lucid Explanation.

An Irishman walking over a plank sidewalk, in counting some money accidentally dropped a nickel, which rolled down a crack between two of the boards. The Irishman was much put out by his loss, trifling though it was, and continued on his way, swearing audibly.

Early the next day a friend, while walking by the spot, discovered the Irishman deliberately dropping a dollar down the same crack through which he had lost his nickel. The friend was of course much astonished at what he saw, and desiring to learn why Pat should deliberately, to all appearances, throw away money inquired his reasons and was fairly taken off his feet by the following explanation:

"It was this way," said Pat. "It's yesterday I was passin this way when I lost a nickel down that hole. Now I reasoned that it wasn't worth me while to pull up that sidewalk for a nickel, but last night a scheme struck me, and I am dropping down the dollar to make it worth me while."—*Chicago News.*

At the Wrong Door.

"There be a stranger at the outer gate," said the bellboy with a low bow, "who knows not whence he comes."

"Tis passing strange," quoth St. Peter. "What sayeth he concerning his home on earth?"

"But little," exclaimed the youth. "He says that it be located on a river so thick with mud it can be walked across in summer. He says that where he lived, life is held at naught and that money is the one god worshiped. That the most successful pickpocket is the best man, and that one day he may be worth \$2,000,000 and the next be compelled to borrow 10 cents for a plate of baked beans. That it was a city of fat, diamonds and soiled linen, and that"

"Hold, sirrah!" exclaimed St. Peter. "'Tis enough. Register him from Chicago and send him down."—*Detroit Free Press.*

War and Soldiers.

Old Thomas Fuller spoke thus of war in his "Holy State": "A soldier is one of a lawful, necessary, commendable and honorable profession; yea, God himself may seem to be one free of the company of soldiers, in that he styleth himself 'a man of war.' Now, though many hate soldiers as twigs of the rod of war, wherewith God scourgeth wanton countries into repentance, yet is their calling so needful that were not some soldiers we must be all soldiers, daily employed to defend our own, the world would grow so licentious."

Color East and West.

California is beautiful in color—red, purple, yellow. No other state and few countries can compare with it in this. When Californians come east, however, they are delighted with the scenery and they explain that it is the greenness of everything. Their colors are more gorgeous, but they are high and hot and dry, the damp, dark tones of the east are an æsthetic bath.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

It is calculated that if the children under the care of the London school board were to join hands they would reach from London to Carlisle, a distance of 800 miles.

A clock in St. Petersburg has 95 faces, indicating simultaneously the time at 80 different spots on the earth's surface, besides the movements of the earth and planets.

come to be had blood, black and bitter, between him and a certain Colonel Norris Wright. After long bickering, it was agreed to meet upon the levee opposite Natchez, Miss., each with half a dozen friends, duly armed, and there shoot the matter out. There were a dozen on each side when it came to fighting. The battle was arranged to begin with three, the rest standing by, and coming in only when those of the first fight were dead or disabled. But they had miscalculated their own self control. After the first fire there was a general melée—the reserves to a man gripped pistols hard, drew knife belts to a handy clutch and went into the combat to do or die.—*Martha McCallloch-Williams in Harper's Magazine.*

The Climate of the Philippines.

In regard to the climate which a foreigner encounters it is easy to exaggerate its discomforts. Although it is tropical, still even in summer the climate may be called healthy. From December to March there are warm days, with cool nights and little rain. During March, April and May the days are hot, dry and dusty, while the thermometer rises to 96 degrees at noon, but the nights are not uncomfortable. In the latter part of May and of June there are thunderstorms every afternoon with a tremendous downpour of rain. The greatest heat occurs in these months, the thermometer rising frequently to 105 degrees in the shade. July, August and September are the months of the great typhoons, and while Manila escapes the greatest fury of these still enough of their force remains to demolish many houses. During October and November storms lessen in frequency and severity, and the weather gradually settles into the fine days of December.—*Isaac M. Elliott in Scribner's.*

His Only Opportunity.

"Hattie," said the clerk at the blanket counter in the department store, speaking rapidly and in an undertone, "just a moment. Will you—what is it, sir? Harness department? Six aisles down—Hattie, do you think you could—furniture, madam? Third floor. Take the elevator—Hattie, I'd like to know—handkerchiefs, ma'am? Third counter to your right. Blankets, sir? Right here. Wait on you in a moment—Hattie, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Tom," whispered the girl at the notion counter, still tapping with her pencil on the showcase. "Ca-a-a-a-a-ash!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ike, No End.

Up at New Haven, V. Va., there are so many people named Isaac Roush that to avoid confusion they are thus designated:

Big Ike, Gentleman Ike, Spectacle Ike, Ike on the Hill, Ike in the Hollow, Rosa's Ike, Little Ike, Soldier Ike, Lazy Ike, Thirteenth Virginia Ike, Fifer Ike, Aunt Cassy's Ike, Drummer Ike, Fourth Virginia Ike, Hard and Ike, Dam it Ike, Kanawha Ike, Sally's Ike, Holliky Ike, Trotter Ike, Fiddler Ike, Ten Mile Ike, Mart's Ike and Aunt Betsy's Ike.—*Gallopis Tribune.*

His Distinction.

The following is said to have occurred to a distinguished but modest divine who had undertaken the duty of a brother clergyman at a cathedral church. "I am come," said he, addressing the silk gowned vergers, "to take Canon Blank's place this morning."

"Pray, sir," replied the official pompously, "are you the man who is to read the prayers or the gentleman who is to deliver the sermon?"—*Household Words.*

The Brooklyn Bridge.

The greatest suspension bridge in the world is the Brooklyn bridge, which also leads the world in the number of its daily passengers. Its length, including approaches, is 5,989 feet, the distance between the towers 980 feet, the weight of the structure is 6,470 tons, its cost was over \$15,000,000. The bridge carries over 45,000 people every

Special Bargains for Saturday and following days.

75 only, Ladies' Blouses, worth from 50c. to \$2.00, our price Saturday morning 38c., 48c., and 98c., about one half actual value. Come early as the quantity is limited.

Special Bargains in Summer Dress Goods AND MUSLINS.

Special Bargains in Men's Pants—100 pair came our way this week from a hard up manufacturer. Every pair worth from \$1.50 to \$2.00. You take your choice Saturday morning for 98c. pair.

75 Pairs Ladies' Oxfords in Black and Chocolate, regular price \$1.75 to \$2.25. Clearing Saturday morning at \$1.69 pair.

Come with the crowd and participate in the thousands of bargains we are offering all through the store.

J. J. KERR

Dundas Street, Napanee.

FARMERS ATTENTION.

Insure your property in the Lennox and Addington Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Because it is a Home Company. Because it is the cheapest and best. Because it affords the most liberal policies to patrons.

Because it insures only (isolated) non hazardous risks, as farm property, county churches halls and school houses.

Because it is the Farmers' Company managed by Farmers in the interest of farmers of the Counties of Lennox and Addington, Hastings Frontenac, Lanark and Leeds.

Officers—A. C. Parks, President; B. C. Lloyd, Vice-President. Directors—J. B. Aylsworth, U. C. Sills, W. R. Longmore, I. F. Aylesworth. Honorary Directors—Jas. Ried, M.P.P., A. V. Price, Camden; C. R. Allison, Wm. Cheesters, Fredericksburg; D. W. Allison, ex-M.P.P. Adolphus; F. B. Guess, Col. Geo. Hunter Kingston; Thos. V. Sexsmith, Richmond; L. O. Fraser, D. C. Forward, Ernestown. The board meets at the Secretary's office on the first Saturday of every month at one p.m.

N. A. Caton, Napanee, Agents. Thos. B. Wilson, Newburgh. M. C. BOGART Sec'y-Treas.

The Dominion Bank

ESTABLISHED 1871.

CAPITAL — \$1,500,000.00
RESERVE FUND — \$1,500,000.00

Deposits received and interest allowed.

Drafts on all parts of Great Britain and United States bought and sold.

A. PEPLER, Agent.

THE MERCHANTS - BANK OF CANADA

Head Office, — Montreal

Capital paid up, \$6,000,000

Surplus, \$3,000,000

INTEREST AT CURRENT RATES PAID ON DEPOSITS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

W. A. BELLHOUSE,
Manager, Napanee Branch

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE FRIDAY AUGUST 26 1898

The Debate on the address has considerably cleared the atmosphere and the policy of the Government is now before the country in black and white. It differs in no material point from that outlined in the discussion that has been occupying so large an amount of space in the press for the last month and there is practically no question that another month will see the new legislation upon the statute book and the House adjourned until the new year.

Provincial affairs in British Columbia are also occupying a very large amount of public attention and the kaleidoscopic changes from day to day are at this distance quite bewildering. The one point that certainly appears settled is that the late administration has definitely dropped out of existence, and that the affairs of the Province, will, for the next parliamentary term, be in the hands of new though not untried men, whose past record for progress and knowledge of affairs is an excellent certificate for the future of the Pacific Province.

A Bat With a Beak.

The wise one was explaining to the other that the bat cannot see in the daytime. It was in the basement of a butter, eggs and chicken place on Washington street.

"You see," he said, as he stuck his finger close to the wide open eyes of the bat, "he can't see a thing. Now watch."

He jabbed his finger into the eyeball of the unsuspecting little victim, which at once threw up its wings and hopped to the farther end of the perch.

But the wise man was not satisfied. He wanted to demonstrate his knowledge still further.

"No, he can't see a bit," he said, jabbing his finger the second time into the staring eye.

"See," he said, as he repeated his demonstration.

The bat in the meantime was flapping its wings excitedly and trying to grope its way to safety.

"That's a peculiar thing about owls and bats," the wise one went on, "that they can see only in the nighttime. Now, you just watch for yourself." Again he tortured the frightened night bird.

By this time the worm turned. The bat fought back, and by a quick movement caught the torturing finger in its beak. The wise man jerked his hand away, and with a loud "Ouch!" put the digit into his own mouth to suck the blood.

"Yes, I see," said his friend.—Chicago Journal.

French Local Papers.

The French local papers are the merest rags, conducted in many cases by people who appear to be totally ignorant of everything that goes on outside their own department. The result is that the most extraordinary statements appear. In a paper local to the Riviera there once appeared the announcement:

"Cowardly attempt on the life of a president. Mr. Jamesson has been arrested for the attempted assassination of M. Johannes Burg, the president of the Transvaal republic." This was at the time of the Jamieson raid.

This same paper recently noted the arrival of "Lady Killarney" on the Riviera and added that "Lady Killarney" was a daughter of the Prince of Wales who had married an Irish nobleman of high rank and had been obliged to renounce all her royal rights in order to do so. This was why she did not go to the same place as the queen or the Princess of Wales. "Lady Killarney" was the Duchess of York.

Another French local paper of equal standing once announced that "Lord Balfour, president of the Liberator club and son-in-law of Lord Salisbury," had been imprisoned by "Sir Gladstone" in the Tower of London.—London Graphic.

Swallowing Salt Water.

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces—Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N.B.—James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement:

"I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds. Prescriptions did me but little good. My trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited. I feel as well now as ever in my life, and have increased in flesh so that I now weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in this part of the country, having followed my profession, that of a violin musician for the last 20 years. I gladly tell my friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. Before I began taking the medicine I did not have any ambition, but now all is changed and my dyspeptic trouble perfectly cured." JAMES R. MURRAY.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take are Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A RATTLERS' RANCH.

On the Bill Williams fork of the Colorado River, in the western part of Arizona, near the junction of the Rio San Marie River in Mohave County, within a stone's throw of Yavapai and Yuma Counties, perhaps fifty miles southeast from the Needles and fifteen due east from Planet Town, is the rattlers' ranch of Mark Dorney. A more particular location of the place—lacking tiresome citations of range, township and section—could scarcely be given, for this is yet a wild and unpeopled district of the Treasure Territory, and guideposts and landmarks are neither plentiful nor certain. But anyone who hears from that part of the Territory will tell you all about it, because if they haven't seen it they have heard of it.

Of all the ranches on earth perhaps Mark Dorney's is the strangest and the most fearsome. There is always a well-filled keg of rye or bourbon in the cabin and usually the door to the cabin is wide open. A collateral circumstance is that the whiskey is safe under all conditions. When Dorney goes to Planet Town he leaves the house wide open—to let it air out, as he facetiously remarks, but in reality because there is no earthly use in shutting it. The Arizona prospector follows the trail that he knows or thinks will lead to pay ore, and he follows it regardless of whatever crawling things there may be in his path, but the thirstiest desert prospector never ventures to tap that keg, and if it were filled with yellow bullion he would leave it just as severely alone as he does now.

Half a mile from Dorney's ranch, which lies nearer the river by a mile than the main wagon trail, there runs a long shallow, ditch-like gully that is dry for about seven months in the year. This is known as the dead line on the west and north of the ranch. Beyond this dead line only one man ever dared knowingly, and that man is the proprietor of the rattlers' ranch. He hears a charmed life, and some of the tales he relates at the store in Planet Town make the blood curdle. He tells of diamond beads that are twelve and fifteen feet long, and if you hesitate to accept his off-hand measurements he asks you to "come along and see for yourself."

Some incredulous people have an idea that if Mark Dorney should be turned adrift in his own ranch shorn of his great thick leather boots that reach to his thighs, the charm of his life would go out—and perhaps his life with it. However, it would probably take more than one rattler's bite to break the charm, for Dorney has a good, common-sense cure.

"Kill the serpent as soon as he stings," says Dorney. "Cut him up in small pieces and put the raw pieces over the bite. The rattler's flesh will begin to turn green as it absorbs the poison. When it is good and green, throw it away and put on a fresh piece. Keep this up until you have used all the pieces, whether it is a big or little snake. When the last piece has been used, you can go about your business. See them scars?"

Dorney has made a good deal of money out of his surprising occupation in the last three years. He is "proving up" on a quarter section, and every acre of his land has its scare or more of rattlers' nests. He makes the conditions agreeable for them. He harvests the old ones, and the other breed fast enough. In the beginning he found his claim overrun with rattlers. That's what put the idea of brooding them into his head.

HODGINS ram, Dan, has been stored away with the rest of the opposition bric-a-brac.

"The Beaver says that "Ponton was committed to bail." Our contemporary should rise and explain itself.

That ram, Dan, was well sold; Hodgins and the opposition were badly sold. It was a big sell all round.

PARK may be a liar but from the accounts furnished the Belleville papers we have no hesitation in saying, "there are others."

THE Globe dubs Dan an apocryphal ram. Our big contemporary should not speak lightly of the departed. Dan may not have been imported but he was duly registered.

If we are to believe the Toronto "World it doesn't take much to arouse the indignation of the people of Newmarket and vicinity. The withholding of the license from a third-rate hotel has thrown the town into a panic. Prohibition would no doubt cause an open revolt.

A FAIR INVESTIGATION.

W. H. Ponton may well say "save me from my friends." The young man has enough to bear without being held responsible for the mis-statements and misrepresentations circulated by zealous partisans whose hearts have run away with their heads. The Belleville Ontario had a characteristic article in its issue of Friday last in which the preliminary investigation is referred to as "the worst farce I ever saw," and the question asked "Is that what we call British Justice?" The "high handed" proceedings of the court and "the manner in which the case was controlled from the start, is condemned with not a few expressions of disgust," by the citizens of Belleville who were in attendance at the investigation, says the Ontario.

The Ontario goes on to say: "The magistrate's decision as regards Ponton is based upon section 601 of the Dominion Code, 1892, as follows: "When any person appears before any justice charged with an indictable offence and the evidence adduced is in the opinion of such justice sufficient to put the accused on trial, but does not furnish such a strong presumption of guilt as to warrant his committal for trial, the justice may admit the accused to bail upon his producing such surety as in the opinion of the justice will be sufficient to ensure his appearance at the time and place of trial." Thus it is within the range of possibility that, unless the Crown is able to secure new evidence, Ponton may never be brought up in court, as the magistrate has virtually declared that the evidence is not sufficient to warrant his committal. In that event Ponton will most likely demand to be tried and his innocence thoroughly established. Bail for Ponton was not fixed, at \$10,000 as stated and it is believed that it will not be more than half that sum. This will be settled to-morrow or Monday."

The one thing remarkable about the foregoing paragraph is that it does not contain one word of truth. The opinions of "Belleville citizens" as to the proceedings of the court are equally unreliable. The Magistrate's decision as regards Ponton was not based upon section 601 of the criminal code, although it may be argued that there is no other warrant for admitting the

Children Cry for CASTORIA

and to bring Canadian and United States interests in closer touch. Almost the same day that this oracular utterance appeared, there was published a copy of a cable sent by Sir Howard Vincent, M. P., on behalf of the United Empire Trade League to Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressing "the undying gratitude of the British race of to-day and forever to their brothers throughout the vast Dominion for their patriotic and filial inauguration of Preferential trade between British kith and kin" adding, "may this preferential trade grow and grow into the complete commercial federation of the British peoples and possessors the whole world over." Evidently the point of view makes all the difference.

A SAMPLE OF ACCURACY.

The sensational yarns originated by discontented American miners at Dawson and industriously copied from American newspapers by Conservative journals throughout the Dominion continue to appear with monotonous regularity. In view of the fact that thorough investigation will be instituted by the Government it is not worth while to occupy space to discuss it further here. That the alleged facts are absolutely unreliable in the absence of testimony from responsible parties, may be judged from one sample statement copied in the Mail and Empire recently from the Seattle Post Advertiser, where it is stated that Major Walsh has had the power to remit royalties on gold taken out of Klondike claims and that he has been exercising that power. Major Walsh has absolutely no such power, the regulations requiring the collection of 10 per cent royalty is as definite as all the other regulations, and is being administered without qualification by the officials to the best of their ability.

FOOLISH OF HUGH JOHN.

If Mr. Hugh John Macdonald ever hopes to occupy his distinguished father's place in the estimation of the Canadian people he will have to exhibit more of the tact that was so characteristic of the old chieftan. There was a time when it appeared as if he appreciated the fact and was endeavoring to cultivate the suavity for which Sir John A. Macdonald was noted, but his recent exhibition of personal feeling in refusing to preside at the banquet given by the Manitoba club, of which he was President, to the Governor-General was a break that has attracted considerable notice. We don't suppose it bothered Lord Aberdeen to any extent, but it has caused no little annoyance to Hugh John's political friends. Distributing legal advice and services gratuitously among those from whom he hopes to receive future favours is all very well, but it will not take the place of the ordinary amenities of public life.

GOOD IMMIGRATION WORK.

The report which Mr. Pedley, superintendent of Immigration, makes of his trip of inspection to the United States agencies is decidedly gratifying. The interest throughout the North Western States in the Canadian Northwest is rapidly increasing, and the agencies throughout that district have had an excellent season's business. Mr. Pedley found abundant evidence of the splendid impression made upon the newspaper men, who have just returned from an extended trip taken at the suggestion of the Minister of the Interior, and under the guidance of the representatives of the Government. Nearly every paper throughout that vast agricultural district is publishing from week to week most glorious accounts of the resources and the opportunities of the Dominion. He also found that the Canadian exhibit at Omaha was doing us an immense amount of good.

PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

Provincial politics are absorbing attention in Ontario just now all

One of the most beneficial features of a sea bath is the salt water inadvertently swallowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness when all drug preparations have failed. It is peculiarly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion, disordered stomach and insomnia, and has been known to produce excellent results in many cases of dyspepsia.

Clean sea water is full of tonic and sedative properties. It won't hurt anybody. Indeed, two or three big swallows of it would be of positive benefit to nine bathers out of ten. It is not of course a palatable or tempting dose to take, but neither is quinine nor calomel. You seldom if ever see an old sailor who is bilious or dyspeptic or a victim to insomnia, and why? For the reason that an ocean of good medicine spreads all about his sky, and he doses himself copiously with it whenever his physical mechanism becomes the least bit deranged.—Washington Star.

The Humidity Meter.

The amount of moisture present on the humidity of the air is determined by a comparison of dry and wet bulb thermometers. They are both ordinary thermometers, but the bulb of the latter is covered with muslin that is wet. In the latest form of instrument the thermometers are mounted on arms carried by a shaft that is rotated by a crank which is geared to the shaft. The motion of the shaft rotates the thermometers in vertical planes and causes the water in the muslin to evaporate more or less rapidly, according to the amount of moisture in the air. This evaporation lowers the temperature of the thermometer, and from tables constructed after long experiments the degree of moisture can be determined by the difference in temperature between the two thermometers.—E. J. Prindle in Popular Science.

A DREADED DISEASE.

More People are Tortured by the Pangs of Rheumatism Than by Any Other Cause—There is a Cure for it.

From the Advertiser, Hartland N.B.
Mr. Richard Dixon, of Lower Brighton, is one of the most prosperous and best known farmers of Carleton county N.B. In June 1897, Mr. Dixon was seized with an attack of rheumatism, and for six weeks lay abed suffering all the tortures of this terrible disease. He grew so weak that he was unable to turn in bed, and his friends almost despaired of his recovery. At this stage one of his friends, who had been cured of the same disease by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged Mr. Dixon to give them a trial, which advice was followed. Almost from the day Mr. Dixon began the use of the pills an improvement was noted. Previously his appetite had almost completely failed and the first sign of returning health was a frequent feeling of hunger. Then the pains began to leave him, and his strength gradually returned and after using about a dozen boxes Mr. Dixon was as well as ever he had been. To a reporter of the Hartland Advertiser, Mr. Dixon said he had no doubt his present health was due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since his recovery he occasionally uses a box to ward off a possible recurrence of the trouble.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by making new blood and invigorating the nerves, but you must get the genuine, always put up in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Do not be persuaded to take any of the numerous pink colored imitations which some unscrupulous dealers say are "just the same." In case of doubt send to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

"Dead rattlesnakes are worth money, if one knows how to dispose of them, and has a liking for the business. The harvest is a profitable one. To begin with, a good percentage of the rattles will sell to the curio stores of Santa Barbara, San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco. They bring as high as fifty cents a dozen wholesale, and perhaps a couple of hundred dozen can be sold in a year. But that's a small matter, merely a side issue. The big thing is the fat. Rattlesnake grease, properly refined, is worth 40 cents per ounce. Some fine snakes yield more than 100 ounces. The hides are worth from \$2 to \$3 a dozen in San Francisco. Purse and belts for women are made out of them, and sometimes shoes and slippers. The grease enters into the composition of some very high-priced cosmetics, and when converted into oil has medicinal properties that render it very valuable to druggists. Cattle rangers in the neighborhood look with some envy upon the profits of Mark Dorney's outlandish business, but as yet no one has appeared who combines the competence and the pluck necessary to engage in the hazardous enterprise. Men who do business in Arizona are not, as a rule, fastidious in the matter of avoiding rattlers. Yet no man seeks their company, and the idea of living forever in the midst of them is discouraging to the average cowpuncher.

"I drifted into it because I had to," explains Dorney. "I started out by trying to kill off all the rattlers on my place, but I found there were so many of them that I gave up the job in disgust. I had killed four or five hundred when somebody told me I could sell the oil and the hides. I didn't believe it at first, but when I found it was a sure go on that line I just turned around and began to make things as pleasant as I could for the reptiles. I have a pretty nice harvest every year now.

"How do I kill 'em? Just hit them with a thin stick. A rattler is the easiest sort of a thing to kill, you know. Don't hit down at a rattler; he'll be apt to get you if you do. Hit sideways. You can hit quicker that way, and besides, it cuts off his movements better and more surely."

Dorney doesn't have any regular harvest time. He just goes around killing off the big snakes as fast as he wants to work. When he has slaughtered four or five dozen he gets to work skinning them, and then he tramps out to a big shed that rests on an adobe oven in front of his cabin. Dorney's cabin is not entirely like the other cabins in that part of the world. It rests on stilts and is ten feet above the ground. This altitude is not for sanitary reasons entirely, but to insure solitude at night in the midst of unpleasant company. There is a rude ladder reaching from the ground to the door.

Substitute for Bicycle Enamel.

A celluloid Bicycle casing as a substitute for enamel has been placed on the market, says The New York Times, and seems destined to become popular. Every variety of shade can be furnished, and the onyx, mottled or odd solid colors, which could not satisfactorily be produced in baked enamels, are all included. The celluloid is first molded into the shape of the tube it is intended to cover. When the tubing is incased the seam is brazed together underneath and filed down until it is almost imperceptible. When finished its contour cannot be disturbed by twisting or pulling. Any wheel may be made new with this process for \$3.50, and \$2 additional if nickel joints are specified. The joints, at the option of the buyer, may be finished without extra cost with liquid celluloid, a diaphanous substance, which can be mixed with any dye desired. When applied to the train, it produces a transparent finish in harmony with the shade of the celluloid casing.

Diplomatic.

Difficult Son—Yes, mother. I know Miss Golightly is both extravagant and lazy, but I'm engaged to her.
Mother—Well, tomorrow's her birthday. Give her a silver thimble, and she'll break the engagement.—Jewellers Weekly.

The spiders that spin webs are in an infinite minority compared with those which do not. Ground spiders, as the spinners are called, abound everywhere and depend on agility and strength to catch their prey.

Rodney Stone

(Continued from page 8)

"Nor am I accustomed, sir, to be interfered with in my official duties. I speak as a magistrate, Sir Lothian, but I am always ready to sustain my opinions as a man."

Sir Lothian bowed.
"You will allow me to observe, sir, that I have personal interests of the highest importance involved in this matter. I have every reason to believe that there is a conspiracy afoot which will affect my position, as heir to Lord Avon's titles and estates. I desire his safe custody in order that this matter may be cleared up, and I call upon you, as a magistrate, to execute your warrant."

"Plague take it, Ned!" cried the squire, "I would that my clerk, Johnson, were here, for I would deal as kindly by you as the law allows; and yet I am, as you hear, called upon to secure your person."

"Permit me to suggest, sir," said my uncle, "that so long as he is under the personal supervision of the magistrate, he may be said to be under the care of the law, and that this condition will be fulfilled if he is under the roof of Roughton Grange."

"Nothing could be better," cried the squire, heartily. "You will stay with me, Ned, until this matter blows over. In other words, Lord Avon, I make myself responsible, as the representative of the law, that you are held in safe custody until your person may be required of me."

"Yours is a true heart, James,"
"Tut, tut! It is the due process of the law. I trust, Sir Lothian Hume, that you find nothing to object to in it?"

Sir Lothian shrugged his shoulders, and looked blackly at the magistrate. Then he turned to my uncle.

"There is a small matter still open between me," said he, "Could you kindly give me the name of a friend? Mr. Corcoran, who is outside in my barouche, would act for me, and we might meet to-morrow morning."

"With pleasure," answered my uncle. "I dare say your father would act for me, nephew? Your friend may call upon Lieutenant Stone, of Friar's Oak, and the sooner the better."

And so this strange conference ended. As for me, I had sprung to the side of the old friend of my boyhood, and was trying to tell him my joy at his good fortune, and listening to his assurance that nothing could ever effail him that could weaken the love that he bore me. My uncle touched me on the shoulder, and we were about to leave, when Ambrose, whose bronze mask had been drawn down once more over his fiery passions, came demurely towards him.

"Beg pardon, Sir Charles," said he; "but it shocks me very much to see your errand."

"You are right, Ambrose," my uncle answered. "Formerly does his best, but I have never been able to fill your place."

"I should be proud to serve, you, sir; but you must acknowledge that Lord Avon has the prior claim. If he will release me—"

"You may go, Ambrose; you may go!" cried Lord Avon. "You are an excellent servant, but your presence has become painful to me."

"Thank you, Ned," said my uncle. "But you must not leave me so suddenly again, Ambrose."

"Permit me to explain the reason, sir. I had determined to give you notice when we reached Brighton; but as we drove from the village that day, I caught a glimpse of a lady passing in a phaeton between whom and Lord Avon I was well aware there was a close intimacy, although I was not certain that she was actually his wife. Her presence there confirmed me in my opinion that he was in hiding at Chiff Royal, and I dropped from your carriage and followed her at once, in order to lay the matter before her, and explain how very necessary it was that Lord Avon should see me."

"Well, I forgive you for your desertion, Ambrose," said my uncle; "and," he added, "I should be very obliged to you if you would rearrange my tie."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir James Ovington's carriage was waiting without, and in it the Avon family, so tragically separated and so strangely re-united, were borne away to the squire's hospitable home. When they had gone, my uncle mounted his carriage, and drove Ambrose and myself to the village.

"We had best see your father at once, nephew," said he. "Sir Lothian and his

have shown him something of me, and I have taught him a few lessons in desecration and deportment which may appear to be wasted upon him at present, but which, none the less, may come back to him in his more mature years. If his career in town has been a disappointment to me, the reason lies mainly in the fact that I am foolish enough to measure others by the standard which I have myself set. I am well disposed towards him, however, and I consider him eminently adapted for the profession which he is about to adopt."

He held out his sacred snuff-box to me as he spoke, as a solemn pledge of his good will, and, as I look back at him, there is no moment at which I see him more plainly than that with the old mischievous light dancing once more in his large intolerant eyes, one thumb in the armpit of his vest, and the little shining box held out upon his snow-white palm. He was a type and leader of a strange breed of men which had vanished away from England—the full-blooded, virile back, exquisite in his dress, narrow in his thoughts, coarse in his amusements, and eccentric in his habits. They walk across the bright stage of English history with their finicky step, their preposterous cravats, their high collars, their dangling seals, and they vanish into those dark wings from which there is no return. The world has outgrown them, and there is no place now for their strange fashions, their practical jokes and carefully cultivated eccentricities. And yet behind this outer veiling of folly, with which they so carefully draped themselves, they were often men of strong character and robust personality. The languid loungers of St. James's were also the yachtsmen of the Solent, the fine riders of the shires, and the hardy fighters in many a wayside battle and many a morning frolic. Wellington picked his best men from amongst them. They condescended occasionally to poetry or oratory; and Byron, Charles James Fox, Sheridan and Castlereagh, preserved some reputation amongst them, in spite of their publicity. I cannot think how the historian of the future can hope to understand them, when I, who knew one of them so well, and bore his blood in my veins, could never quite tell how much of him was real, and how much was due to the affectations which he had cultivated so long that they had ceased to deserve the name. Through the chinks of that armour of folly I have sometimes thought I had caught a glimpse of a good and true man within, and it pleases me to hope that I was right.

It was destined that the exciting incidents of that day were even now not at an end. I had retired early to rest, but it was impossible for me to sleep, for my mind would turn to Boy Jim and to the extraordinary change in his position and prospects. I was still turning and tossing when I heard the sound of flying hoofs coming down the London Road, and immediately afterwards the grating of wheels as they pulled up in front of the inn. My window chanced to be open, for it was a fresh spring night, and I heard the creak of the inn door, and a voice asking whether Sir Lothian Hume was within. At the name I sprang from my bed and I was in time to see three men who had alighted from the carriage, file into the lighted hall. The two horses were left standing, with the glare of the open door falling upon their brown shoulders and patient heads.

Ten minutes may have passed, and then I heard the clatter of many steps, and a knot of men came clustering through the door.

"You need not employ violence," said a harsh, clear voice. "On whose suit is it?"

"Several suits, sir, they told over in the 'opes that you'd pull off the fight this mornin'." Total amounts is twelve thousand pound."

"Look here, my man, I have a very important appointment for seven o'clock to-morrow. I'll give you fifty pounds if you will leave me until then."

"Couldn't do it, sir, really. It's more than our places as sheriff's officers is worth."

In the yellow glare of the carriage lamp I saw the baronet look up at our windows, and if hatred could have killed, his eyes would have been as deadly as his pistol.

"I can't mount the carriage unless you free my hands," said he.

"Old 'ard, Bill, for 'e looks wicked. Let go o' one arm at a time! Ah, would you then?"

"Corcoran! Corcoran!" screamed a voice, and I saw a plume, a struggle, and one frantic figure breaking its way from the rest. Then came a heavy blow, and down he fell in the middle of the moonlit road, flapping and jumping among the dust like a trout new landed.

"He's napped it this time! Get 'im by the wrists, Jim! Now, all together!"

He was hoisted up like a bag of flour, and fell with a brutal thud into the bottom of the carriage. The three men

SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER FORM OF IRON

JUST WHAT WE SAY, AND
HAVE PROVED MANY TIMES.

Lansdown, Park Road, St. Anner-on-Sea, May 16th 1898.

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I am very pleased to tell you that as a long taker of Iron Medicines and in fact of all preparations of Iron, I consider your RED BLOOD FORMING CAPSULOIDS much superior to any other form of Iron.

Yours truly,
F. PERRY.

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Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsuloids are manufactured solely by The Capsuloid Company at 31b, Snow Hill, London, Eng., and sold at 5/- a box, or six boxes for £2 5/-, by A. W. Grange & Bros. and J. J. Perry, Druggists, Napae, or sent post paid from the Canadian Office, THE CAPSULOID CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT., CANADA.

SPRING OF 1898. SPRING OF 1898.

T. G. DAVIS and R. FORD beg to announce the receipt of

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OVERCOATINGS AND PANTINGS.

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KINDLY CALL before purchasing and inspect our stock.

T. G. DAVIS. ROBERT FORD.



Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE,

Eastern Standard Time. No. 13 Taking effect Dec 2nd, 1897

Tweed and Tamworth to Deseronto.					Deseronto and Napanee to Tamworth and Tweed.				
Stations	Miles	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	Stations	Miles	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
Lvo	Tweed	6:50	3:10	3:10	Deseronto	4	6:50	3:10	3:10
	Stewco	6:58	3:10	3:10	Deseronto Junction	4	7:00	3:10	3:10
	Larkins	7:10	3:25	3:10	Napanee	9	7:25	3:10	3:10
	Marbank	7:25	3:40	3:10	Napanee	9	7:45	12:10	4:20
	Ernsdale	7:40	3:55	3:10	Napanee Mills	13	8:00	12:15	4:35
	Tamworth	7:50	4:10	4:10	Newburgh	17	8:10	12:25	4:42
	Wilson	8:10	4:30	4:30	Thomson's Mills	18	8:20	12:30	4:50
	Enterprise	8:20	4:40	4:40	Camden Knott	19	8:30	12:40	4:50
	Mudlake Bridge	8:30	4:50	4:50	Yarker	23	8:40	12:45	5:00
	Moscow	8:40	5:00	5:00	Yarker	23	8:50	12:45	5:00
	Galtwhith	8:50	5:10	5:10	Galtwhith	25	9:00	12:45	5:00

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main started some time ago. I should be sorry if there should be any hitch in our meeting."

"For my part, I was thinking of our opponent's ready reputation as a duelist, and I suppose that my features must have betrayed my feelings, for my uncle began to laugh."

"Why, nephew," said he "you look as if you were walking behind my coffin. It is not my affair, and I dare bet that it will not be my last. When I fight near town I usually fire a hundred or so in Mantou's back shop, but I dare say I can find my way to his waistcoat. But I confess that I am somewhat assailable, by all that has befallen us. To think of my dear old friend being not only alive, but innocent as well! And that he should have such a strapping son and heir to carry on the race of Avon! This will be the last blow to Hume, for I know that the Jews have given him rope on the score of his expectations. And you, Ambrose, that you should break out in such a way!"

Of all the amazing things which had happened, this seemed to have impressed my uncle most, and he recurred to it again and again. That a man whom he had come to regard as a machine for tying cravats and brewing chocolate should suddenly develop fiery human passions was indeed a prodigy. If his silver razor-hunter had taken to evil ways he could not have been more astounded.

We were still a hundred yards from the cottage when I saw the tall, green-coated Mr. Cocoran striding down the garden path. My father was waiting for us at the door with an expression of subdued delight upon his face.

"Happy to serve you in any way, Sir Charles," said he. "We've arranged it for to-morrow at seven on Ditching Common."

"I wish those things could be brought off a little later in the day," said my uncle. "One has either to rise at a perfectly absurd hour, or else to neglect one's toilet."

"They are stopping at the road at the Friar's Oak Inn, and if you would wish it later—"

"No, no; I shall make the effort. Ambrose, you will bring up the batterie de billette at five."

"I don't know whether you would care to use my bayonets," said my father. "I've had 'em in fourteen actions, and up to thirty yards you couldn't wish a better tool."

"Thank you, I have my duelling pistols under the seat. So that the triggers are oiled, Ambrose, for I love a light pull. Ah, sister Mary, I have brought your boy back to you, none the worse I hope, for the dissipation of town."

I need not tell you how my dear mother wept over me and flattered me for you who have mothered me will know for yourself whether you have not will never understand how warm and snug the home nest can be. How I had chafed and longed for the wonders of town, and yet, now that I had seen more than my wildest dreams had ever deemed possible, my eyes had rested upon nothing which was so sweet and so restful as our own little sitting-room, with its terra-cotta colored walls, and those trifles which are so insignificant in themselves, and yet so rich in memories—the blow-lash from the Moluccas, the narwhal's tusk from the Arctic, and the picture of the Ca Ira, with Lord Hotham in chase! How cheery, too, to see at one side of the shining grate my father with his pipe, and his mother's red face, and on the other, my mother with her fingers ever turning and darting with her knitting needles! As I looked at them I marvelled that I could ever have longed to leave them, or that I could bring myself to leave them again.

But leave them I must, and that speedily, as I learned amidst the boisterous congratulations of my father and the tears of my mother. He had himself been appointed to the Cato, G4, with post rank, whilst a note had come from Lord Nelson at Portsmouth to say that a vacancy was open for me if I should present myself at once.

"And your mother has your sea chest all ready, my lad, and you can travel down with me to-morrow; for if you are to be one of Nelson's men, you must show him that you are worthy of it."

"All the Stones have been in the service," said my mother, apologetically to my uncle. "And it is a great chance that he should enter under Lord Nelson's own patronage. But we can never forget your kindness, Charles, in showing our dear Rodney something of the world."

"On the contrary, sister Mary," said my uncle, graciously, "your son has been an excellent companion to me—so much so that I fear that I am open to the charge of having neglected my dear Fidelio. I trust that I bring him back somewhat more polished than I found him. It would be folly to call him distingue, but he is at least unobjectionable. Nature has denied him the highest gifts, and I find



THEN CAME A HEAVY BLOW.

sprang in after him, a whip whistled in the darkness, and I had seen the last that I or anyone else, save some charitable visitor to a debtors' goal, was ever again destined to see of Sir Lothian Hume, the once fashionable Corinthian.

Lord Avon lived for two years longer—long enough, with the help of Ambrose, to fully establish his innocence of the horrible crime, in the shadow of which he had lived so long. What he could not clear away, however, was the effect of those years of morbid and unfulfilled life spent in the hidden chambers of the old house; and it was only the devotion of his wife and of his son which kept the thin and flickering flame of his life alight. She, whom I had known as the play actress of Anstey Cross, became the Dowager Lady Avon; whilst Roy Jim, as dear to me now as when we harried birds' nests and tickled trout together, is now Lord Avon, beloved by his tenantry, the finest sportsman, and the most popular man from the north of the Weald to the Channel. He was married to the second daughter of Sir James Ovington; and as I have seen three of his grandchildren within the week, I fancy that if any of Sir Lothian's descendants have their eye upon the property, they are likely to be as disappointed as their ancestor was before them. The old house of Cliffe Royal has been pulled down, owing to the terrible family associations which hung round it, and a beautiful modern building sprang up in its place. The lodge which stood by its trellis-work and its rose bushes that I was not the only visitor who declared that I had rather be the owner of it than of the great house amongst the trees. There for many years lived Jack Harrison and his wife, receiving back in the sunset of their lives the loving care which they had themselves bestowed. Never again did Champion Harrison throw his leg over the ropes of a 24-foot ring; but the story of the great battle between the smith and the West Countryman is still familiar to old ring-goers, and nothing pleased him better than to re-fight it all, round by round, as he sat in the sunshine under his rose-gilt porch. But if he heard the tap of his wife's stick approaching him, his talk would break off at once into the garden and its prospects, for she was still haunted by the fear that he would some day go back to the ring, and she never missed the old man for an hour without being convinced that he had hobbled off to wrest the belt from the latest upstart champion. It was at his own very earnest request that they inscribed "He fought the good fight" upon his tombstone, and though I cannot doubt that he had Black Barn and Crab Wilson in his mind when he asked it, yet none who knew him would grudge its spiritual meaning as a summing up of his clean and manly life.

Sir Charles Tregellis continued for some years to show his scarlet and gold at Newmarket, and his immitable coats in St. James's. It was he who invented buttons and loops at the ends of dress pantaloons, and who broke fresh ground by his investigation of the comparative merits of insignias and of starch in the preparation of shirt-fronts. There are old fops still lurking in the corners of Arthur's or of White's who can remember Tregellis's dictum, that a cravat should be so stiffened that three parts of the length could be raised by one corner, and the painful schism which followed when Lord Alvanley and his school contended that a half was sufficient. Then came the supremacy of Drummell, and the open breach upon the subject of velvet collars, in which the town followed the lead of the younger man. My uncle, who was not born

Live	Yarker	35	9 13	2 50	5 15
	Camden East	39	9 13	3 02	5 25
	Thompson's Mills	40	9 18
	Newburgh	41	9 23	3 15	5 35
	Napance Mills	42	9 33	3 25	5 45
Arr	Napance	43	9 50	3 40	6 00
Live	Napance	49
	Deseronto Junction	54	6 30
Arr	Deseronto	58	6 45

Kingston and Sydenham to Napance and Deseronto.		Miles		No. 2		No. 4		No. 5	
Stations.				A. M.		P. M.		P. M.	
Live	Kingston	0
	G. T. R. Junction	2
	Glensale	10
	Murvale
Arr	Harrowsmith	19
Live	Sydenham	23	8 00
	Harrowsmith	19	8 20
	Arrolton	22	8 32
Arr	Yarker	26	9 00
Live	Yarker	26	9 00	2 50	5 15
	Camden East	30	9 13	3 02	5 25
	Thompson's Mills	31	9 18
	Newburgh	32	9 23	3 15	5 35
	Napance Mills	34	9 33	3 25	5 45
Arr	Napance	40	9 50	3 40	6 00
Live	Napance, West End	40
	Deseronto Junction	45	6 30
Arr	Deseronto	49	6 45

R. C. CARTER,
Asst. Gen. Manager

G. A. BROWNE,
Sec. Pass. Agent

Mutake Bridge	30	9 10
Enterprise	34	9 30	1 15	5 12
Wilson	34
Townworth	38	9 40	1 30	6 00
Grinville	41	10 05	6 13
Maribank	45	10 15	6 28
Laribus	51	10 30	6 43
Stoco	55	10 50	6 55
Arr Tweed	58	11 00	7 10

Deseronto and Napance to Sydenham and Kingston.		Miles		No. 1		No. 3		No. 5	
Stations				A. M.		P. M.		P. M.	
Live	Deseronto
	Deseronto Junction	4	7 10
Arr	Napance	9	7 25
Live	Napance	9	7 45	12 00	4 30
	Napance Mills	15	8 00	12 15	4 45
	Newburgh	17	8 10	12 25	4 42
	Thompson's Mills	18	8 15
	Camden East	19	8 20	12 30	4 50
Arr	Yarker	23	8 35	12 45	5 00
Live	Yarker	23	8 35
	Fretona	27	9 00
Arr	Harrowsmith	30	9 25
	Sydenham	34
Live	Harrowsmith	30	9 25
	Murvale	35	9 20
	Glensale	39	9 30
	G. T. R. Junction	47	9 55
Arr	Kingston	49	10 00

H. B. SHERWOOD,
Superintendent

Dollars in Diamond Dyes.

In scores of small country towns and villages in Canada enterprising men and women are adding to their yearly income by the work of dyeing for friends and neighbors around them who have not the time to do the work themselves.

These town and village dyers without exception use the Diamond Dyes in preference to all others, because they give the most brilliant, pure and unfading colors to all varieties of materials.

Hundreds of orders from these country dyers are filled every week by the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes. There are great possibilities for such work in all small parishes, and the statements just made may influence many who are seeking for a plan to increase their revenue. There are good dollars in Diamond Dyes.

Hunger Madness.

The sufferings of pellagra are those well known in times of famine. The effects sometimes do not entirely disappear. A woman of my acquaintance near Monza, who had the pellagra some years before, was considered cured. She was the wife of a prosperous shopkeeper when I knew her. The only remaining trace of her malady was that from time to time she stopped in conversation, a look of anguish came into her eyes, and she would say in her dialect: "Il pan l'è bon, e il vin l'è bon, ma il pan l'è bon!"—Bread is good, and wine is good, but bread is good! The horror of that suffering from starvation had never left her.—"Hunger and Poverty in Italy," by Mrs. Darío Papa in North American Review.

Anchovies.

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story of one of the nursery gardeners of his day: "An old friend of mine having asked him to supply him with a dozen anchovies, he replied, 'He had plenty, but being a delicate plant they were still in the hothouse.'"—Household Work

THE END. Corrected in Rhyme.

Thackeray was much pestered by the autograph hunter, says Hodder in his "Recollections." He disliked above all things to write in an autograph album, and often refused those who asked him to do so and sometimes rather brusquely.

On one occasion the owner of an album, a young lady, was fortunate. Thackeray took her book to his room in order to look it over. Written on a page he found these lines:

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains—
They crowned him long ago,
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.

ALBERT SMITH.

Under these lines Mr. Thackeray wrote:

A HUMBLE SUGGESTION.
I know that Albert wrote in hurry—
To criticize I source presume,
But get methinks that Lindley Murray
Instead of "who" had written "whom."
W. M. THACKERAY.

What Italy Needed.

Shortly before his death, which occurred in 1868, Massimo d'Azeglio, statesman, orator, poet, the painter of "Orlando Furioso," but, above all, the trusty friend and valued counselor of Victor Emmanuel, was talking to a Frenchman, who congratulated him upon the unification of Italy.

"Yes," was the reply, "we have made a new Italy; now we must endeavor to make new Italians."

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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The Falling Leaves Give Warning of Winter

So the falling of the hair tells of the approach of age and declining power.

No matter how barren the tree nor how leafless it may seem, you confidently expect leaves again. And why?

Because there is life at the roots.

So you need not worry about the falling of your hair, the threatened departure of youth and beauty. And why?

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will arouse it into healthy activity. The hair ceases to come out; it begins to grow; and the glory of your youth is restored to you.

We have a book on the Hair and its Diseases. It is free.

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily remedied. Address,

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

RODNEY STONE

But it was a different Boy Jim from him whom I had known and loved. There was a change in him somewhere, a change so marked that it was the first thing I noticed, and yet so subtle that I could not put words to it. He was not better dressed than of old, for I well knew the old brown suit that he wore. He was not less comely, for his training had left him the very model of what a man should be. And yet there was a change, a touch of dignity in the expression, a suggestion of confidence in the bearing, which seemed, now that it was supplied, to be the one thing which had been needed to give him harmony and finish. Somehow, in spite of his prowess, his old school name of "Boy" had clung very naturally to him, until that instant when I saw him standing in his self-contained and magnificent manhood in the doorway of the ancient house. A woman stood behind him, her hand resting upon his shoulder, and I saw that it was Miss Minton of Anstey Cross.

"You remember me, Sir Charles Tregellis," said she, coming forward, as we sprang down from the carriage.

My uncle's head at her with a puzzled face.

country lad. "I wish to tell you what occurred last night."

"I will tell it for you Jim," said his mother. "You must know, Sir Charles, that though my son knew nothing of his parents, we were both alive, and had never lost sight of him. For my part, I let him have his own way in going to London and in taking up this challenge. It was only yesterday that it came to the ears of his father, who would have none of it. He was in the weakest health and his wishes were not to be gainsaid. He ordered me to go at once and to bring his son to his side. I was at my wit's end, for I was sure that Jim would never come unless a substitute were provided for him. I went to the kind, good couple who had brought him up, and I told them how matters stood. Mrs. Harrison loved Jim as if he had been her own son, and her husband loved mine, so they came to my help, and may God bless them for their kindness to a distracted wife and mother! Harrison would take Jim's place if Jim would go to his father. Then I drove to Crawley. I found out which was Jim's room, and I spoke to him through the window, for I was sure that those who had backed him would not let him go. I told him that I was his mother. I told him who was his father. I said that I had my phaeton ready, and that he might, for all I knew, be only in time to receive the dying blessing of that parent whom he had never known. Still the boy would not go until he had my assurance that Harrison would take his place."

"Why did he not leave a message with Belcher?"

"My head was in a whirl, Sir Charles. To find a father and a mother, a new name and a new rank in a few minutes might turn a stronger brain than ever mine was. My mother begged me to come with her, and I went. The phaeton was waiting, but we had scarcely started when some fellows seized the horses' heads, and a couple of ruffians attacked us. One of them I beat over the head with the butt of the whip, so that he dropped the end of the whip, which he was about to strike me; then lashing the horse, I shook off the others and got safely away. I cannot imagine who they were or why they should molest us."

"Perhaps Sir Lothian Hume could tell you," said my uncle.

Our enemy said nothing; but his little grey eyes slid round with a most murderous glance in our direction.

"After I had come here and seen my father I went down."

My uncle stopped him with a cry of astonishment.

"What did you say, young man? You came here and you saw your father—here at Cliffe Royal?"

"Yes, sir."

My uncle had turned very pale.

"In God's name, then, tell us who your father is."

Jim made no answer save to point over our shoulders, and glancing round, we became aware that two people had entered the room through the door which led to the bedroom stair. The one I recognized in an instant. That impassive, mask-like face and demure manner could only belong to Ambrose, the former valet of my uncle. The other was a very different and even more singular figure. He was a tall man, clad in a dark dressing-gown, and leaning heavily upon a stick. His long, bloodless countenance was so thin and so white that it gave the strangest illusion of transparency. Only within the folds of a shroud have I ever seen so wan a face. The bristled hair and the rounded back gave the impression of advanced age, and it was only the dark brows and the bright alert eyes glancing out from beneath them which made me doubt whether it was really an old man who stood before us.

There was an instant of silence.



"CHEAP"

New goods for the coming season will all which will not be allowed on imported goods come 31st July.

We are expecting our importations early, and must in during July and August to give

Great Bargains in all Lines

Our prices are known to be as low as the lowest anywhere you will find it to your advantage.

The following lines we want to clear out:

Carpets, Lace Curtains, Muslins, Light Shirt Waists, Parasols, Children's

We still have a good assortment of Ladies' Sailor

We still have some SCOTCH TWEEDS AND very low price, and Fit Guaranteed.

TERMS, -

W. M.

"Excuse me, Lord Avon; but I know you, and I see no reason why I should accept your statement."

It was a brutal speech, and brutally delivered. Lord Avon staggered forward, and it was only his son on one side and his wife on the other who kept his quivering hands from the throat of his insult. Sir Lothian recoiled from the pale fierce face with the black brows, but he still glared angrily about the room.

"A very pretty conspiracy this," he cried, "with a criminal, an actress, and a prizefighter all playing their parts. Sir Charles Tregellis, you shall hear from me again! And you also, my lord!" He turned upon his heel and strode from the room.

"He has gone to denounce me," said Lord Avon, a spasm of wounded pride distorting his features.

"Shall I bring him back?" cried Boy Jim.

"No, no, let him go. It is as well, for I have already made up my mind that my duty to you, my son, outweighs that which I owe, and have at such bitter cost fulfilled, to my brother and my family."

"You did me an injustice, Ned," said my uncle, "if you thought that I had forgotten you, or that I had judged you unkindly."

If ever I have thought that you had done this deed—and how could I doubt the evidence of my own eyes—I have always believed that it was at a time when your mind was unbiassed, and when you knew no more of what you were about than the man who is walking in his sleep."

"What do you mean when you talk about the evidence of your own eyes?" asked Lord Avon, looking hard at my uncle.

"I saw you, Ned, upon that accursed night."

"Saw me? Where?"

"In the passage."

"And doing what?"

"You were coming from your brother's room. I had heard his voice raised in anger and pain only an instant before. You carried in your hand a bag full of money, and your face betrayed the utmost agitation. If you can but explain to me, Ned, how you came to be there, you will take from my heart a weight which has pressed upon it for all these years."

No one now would have recognized in my uncle the man who was the leader of all the fops of London. In the presence of this old friend and of the tragedy which girt him round, the veil of triviality and affectation had been rent, and I felt all my gratitude towards him deepening for the first time into affection. Whilst I watched his pale, anxious face, and the eager hope which shone in his eyes, I forgot his former friend's

in the clutches of the Jews, and I hoped that that which had shaken my position might have the effect of restoring him. As I sat there, fingering the cards in an abstracted way, some chance led me to observe the small needle-pricks which you have just felt. I went over the packs, and found, to my unspeakable horror, that anyone who was in the secret could light them in dealing in such a way as to be able to count the exact number of high cards which fell to each of his opponents. And then, with such a flush of shame and disgust as I had never known, I remembered how my attention had been drawn to my brother's mode of dealing, its slowness, and the way in which he held each card by the lower corner.

"I did not condemn him precipitately. I sat for a long time calling to mind every incident which could tell one way or the other. Alas! it all went to confirm me in my first horrible suspicion, and to turn it into a certainty. My brother had ordered the packs from Leabury's, in Bond-street. They had been for some hours in his chamber. He had played throughout with a decision which had surprised us at the time. Above all, I could not conceal from myself that his past life was not such as to make even so abominable a crime as this possible to him. Tinging with anger and shame, I went straight up that stair, the cards in my hand, and I taxed him with the lowest and meanest of all the crimes to which a villain could descend.

"He had not retired to rest, and his ill-gotten gains were spread out upon the dressing-table. I hardly know what I said to him, but the facts were so deadly that he did not attempt to deny his guilt. You will remember, as the only mitigation of his crime, that he was not yet one and twenty years of age. My words overwhelmed him. He went on his knees to me, imploring me to spare him. I told him that out of consideration for our family I should make no public exposure of him, but that he must never again in his life lay his hand upon a card, and that the money which he had won must be returned next morning with an explanation. It would be social ruin, he protested. I answered that he must take the consequence of his own deed. Then, and there I burned the papers which he had won from me, and I replaced in a canvas bag which lay upon the table all the gold pieces. I would have left the room without another word, but he clung to me, and tore the ruffle from my wrist in his attempt to hold me back, and to prevail upon me to promise to say nothing to you or Sir Lothian Hume. It was his despairing cry, when he found that I was proof against all his entreaties."

"Poly Hinton, of the Haymarket, you surely cannot have forgotten Poly Hinton."

"Forgotten? Why, we have mourned for you in Pops Alley for more years than the beauty of womanhood, the other the name of wonder."

"I was privately married, and I retired from the stage. I want you to forgive me for taking Jim away from you last night."

"It was you, then?"

"I had a stronger claim even than you could have. You were his patron; I was his mother." She drew his head down to hers as she spoke, and there, with their cheeks together, were the two faces, the one stamped with the winning beauty of womanhood, the other with the waxing strength of man, and yet so alike in the dark eyes, the blue-black hair and the broad white brow, that I marvelled that I had never read her secret on the first days that I had seen them together. "Yes," she cried, "he is my own boy, and he saved me from what would have been death, as your nephew Rodney said, all you. Yet my lip were broken, and it was only last night that I could tell him that it was his mother, and he had brought back by his goodness and his patience into the sweetness of life."

"Thank mother," said Jim, turning his lips to her cheek. "There are some things which are between ourselves. But tell me, Sir Charles, how went the night?"

"Your uncle would have won it, but the rubs broke the ring."

"He is no uncle of mine, Sir Charles, but he has been the best and truest friend, both to me and to my father, that ever the world could offer. I only know one as true," he continued, taking me by the hand, "and dear old Rodney Stone is his name. But I trust he was not much hurt?"

"A week or two will set him right. But I cannot pretend to understand how this matter stands, and you must allow me to say that I have not heard you advance anything yet which seems to me to justify you in abandoning your engagements at a moment's notice."

"Come in, Sir Charles, and I am convinced that you will acknowledge that I could not have done otherwise. But before I let you mistake me, Sir Lothian Hume."

The yellow barouche had swung into the avenue, and a few moments later the weary, panting horses had pulled up behind our currier. Sir Lothian sprang out, looking as black as a thunder-cloud.

"Stay where you are, Corcoran," said he, and I caught a glimpse of a bottle-green coat which told me who was his traveling companion. "Well," he continued, looking round him with an insolent stare, "I should vastly like to know who has had the insolence to give me so pressing an invitation to visit my own house, and what in the devil do you mean by daring to trespass upon my grounds?"

"I promise you that you will understand this, and a good deal more before we part, Sir Lothian," said Jim, with a curious smile playing over his face. "If you will follow me, I will endeavor to make it all clear to you."

With his mother's hand in his own, he led us into that ill-lit room where the cards were still heaped upon the table and the dark shadow lurked in the corner of the ceiling.

"Now, sirrah, your explanation!" cried Sir Lothian, standing with his arms folded by the door.

"My first explanations I owe to you, Sir Charles," said Jim, and as I listened to his voice and noted his manner, I could not but admire the effect which the company of her whom he now knew to be his mother had had upon a rude

in his hands, and for a few moments there was silence in the dim grey room. "I do not wonder now that you were shaken," said he at last. "My God, what a net was cast round me! Had this vile charge been brought against me, you, my dearest friend, would have been compelled to tear away the last doubt as to my guilt. And yet in spite of what you have seen, Charles, I am as innocent to the matter as you are."

"I thank God that I hear you say so."

"But you are not satisfied, Charles. I can read it in your face. You wish to know why an innocent man should conceal himself for all these years."

"Your world is enough for me, Ned; but the world will wish this other question answered also."

"It was to save the family honor, Charles. You know how dear it was to me. I could not clear myself without proving my brother to have been guilty of the foulest crime which a gentleman could commit. For eighteen years I have screened him at the expense of everything which a man could sacrifice. I have lived a living death which has left me an old and shattered man when I am but in my fortieth year. But now when I am faced with the alternative of telling the facts about my brother, or of wronging my son, I can only act in one fashion, and the more so since I have reason to hope that a way may be found by which what I am now about to disclose to you need never come to the public ear."

He rose from his chair, and leaning heavily upon his two supporters, he tottered across the room to the dust-covered sideboard. There, in the centre of it, was lying that ill-boding pile of threatened, mildewed cards, just as Boy Jim and I had seen them years before. Lord Avon turned them over with trembling fingers, and then picking up half a dozen, he brought them to my uncle.

"Place your finger and thumb upon the left-hand bottom corner of this card, Charles," said he. "Pass them lightly backwards and forwards, and tell me what you feel."

"It has been pricked with a pin."

"Precisely. What is the card?"

My uncle turned it over.

"It is the king of clubs."

"Try the bottom corner of this one."

"It is quite smooth."

"And the card is?"

"The three of spades."

"And this one?"

"It has been pricked. It is the ace of hearts."

Lord Avon huddled them down upon the floor.

"There you have the whole accursed story," he cried. "Need I go further where every word is an agony?"

"I see something, but not all. You must continue, Ned."

The frail figure stiffened itself, as though he were visibly bracing himself for an effort.

"I will tell it you, then, once and for ever. Never again, I trust, will it be necessary for me to open my lips about the miserable business. You remember our game. You remember how we lost. You remember how you all retired, and left me sitting in this very room, and as that very table. Far from being tired, I was exceedingly wakeful, and I remained here for an hour or more thinking over the incidents of the game and the changes which it promised to bring about in my fortunes. I had, as you will recollect, lost heavily, and my only consolation was that my own brother had won. I know that, owing to his reckless mode of life, he was firmly

CHAPTER XX.

My uncle was an impressive man by nature, and had become more so by the tradition of the society, in which he lived. He could have turned a card upon which his fortune depended with the twitch of a muscle, and I had seen him myself driving to imminent death on the Godstone Road with a calm face as if he were out for his daily airing in the Mall. But now the shock which had come upon him was so great that he could only stand with white cheeks and staring, incredulous eyes. Twice I saw him open his lips, and twice he put his hand up to his throat, as though a barrier had risen between himself and his utterance. Finally he took a sudden little run forward with both his hands thrown out in greeting.

"Ned!" he cried.

But the strange man who stood before him folded his arms over his breast.

"No Charles," said he.

My uncle stopped and looked at him in amazement.

"Surely, Ned, you have a greeting for me after all these years?"

"You believed me to have done this deed, Charles. I read it in your eyes and in your manner on that terrible morning. You never asked me for an explanation. You never considered how impossible such a crime must be for a man of my character. At the first breath of suspicion, you, my intimate friend, the man who knew me best, set me down as a thief and a murderer."

"No, no, Ned."

"You did, Charles; I read it in your eyes. And so it was that when I wished to leave that which was most precious to me in safe hands I had to pass you over and to place him in the charge of the one man who from the first never doubted my innocence. Better a thousand times that my son should be brought up in a humble station and in ignorance of his unfortunate father, than that he should have to share the doubts and suspicions of his equals."

"Then he is really your son?" cried my uncle, staring at Jim in amazement.

For answer, the man stretched out his long withered arm, and placed a gaunt hand upon the shoulder of the actress, whilst she looked up at him with love in her eyes.

"I married, Charles, and I kept it a secret from my friends, for I had chosen my wife outside our own circles. You know the foolish pride which has always been the strongest part of my nature. I could not bear to avow that which I had done. It was this neglect upon my part which led to an estrangement between us, and drove her into habits for which it is I who am to blame and not she. Yet on account of these same habits I took the child from her and gave her an allowance on condition that she did not interfere with it. I had feared that the boy might have received evil from her, and had never dreamed in my blindness that she might get good from him. But I have learned in my miserable life, Charles, that there is a power which fashions things for us, though we may strive to thwart it, and that what are in truth driven by an unseen current towards a certain goal, however much we may deceive ourselves into thinking that it is our own sails and oars which are speeding us upon our way."

My eyes had been upon the face of my uncle as he listened, but now as he turned them from him they fell once more upon the thin, wolfish face of Sir Lothian Hume. He stood near the window, his grey silhouette thrown up against the square of dusty glass; and I have never seen such a play of evil passions, of anger, of jealousy, of disappointed greed upon a human face before.

"Am I to understand," said he, in a loud, harsh voice, "that this young man claims to be the heir of the peerage of Avon?"

"He is my lawful son."

"I knew you fairly well, sir, in our youth; but you will allow me to observe that neither I nor any friend of yours ever heard of a wife or a son. I defy Sir Charles Tregellis to say that he ever dreamed that there was any heir except myself."

"I have already explained, Sir Lothian, why I kept my marriage secret."

"You have explained, sir; but it is for others in another place to say if that explanation is satisfactory."

Two blazing dark eyes flashed out of the pale haggard face with a strange and sudden an effect as if a stream of light were to beat through the windows of a shattered and ruined house.

"You dare to doubt my word?"

"I demand a proof."

"My word is proof to those who know

and refused you to open your chamber door and to see me as I returned to my room."

My uncle drew a long sigh of relief. "Nothing could be clearer," he murmured.

In the morning I came, as you remember, to your room, and I returned your money. I did the same to Sir Lothian Hume. I said nothing of my reasons for doing so, for I found that I could not bring myself to confess our disunion to you. Then came the horrible discovery which has darkened my life, and which was as great a mystery to me as it has been to you. I say that I was suspected, and I saw, also, that even if I were to clear myself, it could only be done by a public confession of the infamy of my brother. I shrank from it, Charles. Any personal suffering seemed to me to be better than to bring public shame upon a family which has held an untarnished record through so many centuries. I fled from my trial, therefore, and disappeared from the world."

But, first of all, it was necessary that I should make arrangements for the wife and the son, of whose existence you and my other friends were ignorant. It is with shame, Mary, that I confess it, and I acknowledge to you that the blame of all the consequences rests with me rather than with you. At the time there were reasons, now happily long gone past, which made me determine that the son was better apart from the mother, whose absence at that age he would not miss. I would have taken you into my confidence, Charles, had it not been that your suspicions had wounded me deeply—for I did not at that time understand how strong the reasons were which had prejudiced you against me.

On the evening after the tragedy I fled to London, and arranged that my wife should have a fitting allowance on condition that she did not interfere with the child. I had, as you remember, had much to do with Harrison, the prize-fighter, and I had often had occasion to admire his simple and honest nature. I took my boy to him now, and I found him, as I expected, incredulous as to my guilt, and ready to assist me in any way. At his wife's entreaty he was just retired from the ring, and was uncertain how he should employ himself. I was able to fit him up as a smith, on condition that he should ply his trade at the village of Friar's Oak. My agreement was that James was to be brought up as their nephew, and that he should know nothing of his unhappy parents. "You will ask me why I selected Friar's Oak. It was because I had already chosen my place of concealment:

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and if I could not save my boy, it was

and if I could not see my boy, it was at least some consolation to know that he was near me. You are aware that this mansion is one of the oldest in England; but you are not aware that it has been built with a very special eye of concealment, that there are no less than two habitable secret chambers, and that this outer or thicker walls are tunnelled into passages. The existence of these rooms has always been a family secret, though it was only the chance of my seldom using the house which had prevented me from pointing them out to some friend. Now I found that a secure retreat was provided for me in my extremity. I stole down to my own mansion, entered it at night, and, leaving all that was dear to me behind, I crept like a rat behind the wainscot, to live out the remainder of my weary life in solitude and misery. In this worn face, Charles, and in this grizzled hair, you may read the diary of my most miserable existence.

One week Harrison used to bring me up provisions, passing them through the pantry window, which I left open for the purpose. Sometimes I would steal out at night and walk under the stars once more, with the cool breeze upon my forehead; but this I had at last to stop, for I was seen by the rustics, and rumors of a spirit at Cliffe Royal began to get about. One night two ghost-hunters—

"It was I, father," cried Boy Jim; "I and my friend Rodney Stone."

"I know it was," Harrison told me so the same night. I was proud, James, to see that you had the spirit of the Barringtons, and that I had an heir whose gallantry might redeem the family blot which I have striven so hard to cover over. This came the day when your mother's kindness—her mistaken kindness—gave you the means of escaping to London.

"Ah, Edward," cried his wife, "if you had seen our boy, like a caged eagle, beating again the bars, you would have helped to give him even so short a flight as this."

"I do not blame you, Mary. It is possible that I should have done so. He went to London, and he tried to open a career for himself by his own strength and courage. How many of our ancestors have done the same, saw only that a sword-bill lay in their closed hands; but of them all I do not know that any of them have carried themselves more gallantly!"

"That I dare swear," said my uncle, heartily.

"And then, when Harrison at last returned, I learned that my son was actually matched to fight in a public prize-battle. That would not do, Charles! It was one thing to fight as you and I have fought in our youth, and it was another to compete for a purse of gold."

"My dear friend, I would not for the world—"

"Of course you would not, Charles. You chose the best man, and how could you do otherwise? But it would not do. I determined that the time had come when I should reveal myself to my son, the more so as there were many signs that my most unnatural existence had seriously weakened my health. Chance, or shall I not rather say Providence, had at last made clear all that had been dark, and given me the means of establishing my innocence. My wife went yesterday to bring my boy at last to the side of his unfortunate father."

There was silence for some time, and then it was my uncle's voice which broke it.

"You've been the most ill-used man in the world," said my uncle, "and I shall have many years yet in which to make up to you for it. But, after all, it seems to me that we are as far as ever from learning how your unfortunate brother met his death."

"For eighteen years it was as much a mystery to me as to you, Charles. But now at last the guilt is manifest. Stand forward, Ambrose, and tell your story as frankly and as fully as you have told it to me."

CHAPTER XXI.

The valet had shrunk into the dark corner of the room, and had remained so motionless that we had forgotten his presence until, upon this appeal from his former master, he took a step forward into the light, turning his sallow face in our direction. His unusually impassive features were in a state of painful agitation, and he spoke slowly and with hesitation, as though his trembling lips could hardly frame the words. And yet, so strong is habit, that, even in this extremity of emotion he assumed the deferential air of the high-class valet, and his sentences formed themselves in the enormous fashion which had struck my attention upon the first day when the curfew of my uncle had stopped outside my father's door.

"My Lady Avon and gentlemen," said he, "if I have sinned in this matter, and I freely confess that I have done so, I only know one way in which I can atone for it, and that is by making the full and complete confession which my noble master, Lord Avon, has demanded. I assure you, then, that what I am about to tell you, surprising as it may seem, is the absolute and undeniable truth concerning the mysterious death of Captain Barrington."

"It may seem impossible to you that one in my humble walk of life should bear a deadly and implacable hatred against a man in the position of Captain Barrington. You think that the gulf between is too wide. I can tell you, gentlemen, that the gulf which can be

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tured the look in his eyes as the haze of sleep cleared slowly away from them, the look of anger, turning suddenly to one of what I had come for. It would be the supreme moment of my life.

"I waited as it seemed to me for at least an hour; but I had no watch, and my patience was such that I dare say it really was little more than a quarter of that time. Then I rose, removed my shoes, took my knife, and, having opened the panel, slipped silently through. It was not more than 30 feet that I had to go, but I went inch by inch, for the old rotten boards snapped like breaking twigs if a sudden weight was placed upon them. It was, of course, pitch dark, and very slowly I felt my way along. At last I saw a yellow beam of light glimmering in a crevice, and I knew that it came from the other panel. I was too soon, then, since he had not extinguished his candles. I had waited many months, and I could afford to wait another hour, for I did not wish to do anything precipitately or in a hurry."

"It was very necessary to move silently now, since I was within a few feet of my man, with only the thin wooden partition between. Age had warped and cracked the boards, so that when I had at last very stealthily crept my way as far as the sliding-panel, I found that I could, without any difficulty, see into the room. Captain Barrington was standing by the dressing-table with his coat and vest off. A large pile of sovereigns, and several slips of paper were lying before him, and he was counting over his gambling gains. His face was flushed, and he was heavy from want of sleep and from wine. It rejoiced me to see it, for it meant that his slumber would be deep and that all would be made easy for me."

"I was still watching him, when of a sudden I saw him start, and a terrible expression came upon his face. For an instant my heart stood still, for I feared that he had in some way divined my presence. And then I heard the voice of my master within. I could not see the door by which he had entered, nor could I see him where he stood, but I heard all that he had to say. As I watched the captain's face flush, fiery red, and then turn to a livid white as he listened to those bitter words which told him of his infamy, my revenge was sweeter—far sweeter—than my most pleasant dreams had ever pictured it. I saw my master approach the dressing-table, hold the papers in the flame of the candle, throw their charred ashes into the grate, and sweep the golden pieces into a small brown canvas bag. Then, as he turned to leave the room, the captain seized him by the wrist, imploring him, by the memory of their mother, to have mercy upon him; and I loved my master as I saw him drag his sleeve from the grasp of the clutching fingers, and leave the stricken wretch grovelling upon the floor."

"And now I was left with a difficult point to settle for it was hard for me to say whether it was better that I should do that which I had come for, or whether, by holding this man's guilty secret, I might not have in my hand a keener and more deadly weapon than my master's hunting-knife. I was sure that Lord Avon could not and would not expose him. I knew your sense of family pride too well, my lord, and I was certain that his secret was safe in your hands. But I both could and would; and then, when his life had been blasted, and he had been hounded from his regiment and from his club, it would be time, perhaps, for me to deal in some other way with him."

"Ambrose, you are a black villain, said my uncle."

"We all have our own feelings, Sir Charles; and you will permit me to say that a serving-man may resent an injury as much as a gentleman, though the redress of the duel is denied to him. But I am telling you frankly, at Lord Avon's request, all that I thought and did upon that night, and I shall continue to do so, even if I am not fortunate enough to win your approval."

"When Lord Avon had left him, the captain remained for some time in a kneeling attitude, with his face sunk upon a chair. Then he rose, and paced slowly up and down the room, his chin sunk upon his breast. Every now and then he would pluck at his hair, or shake his clenched hands in the air; and I saw the moisture glisten upon his brow. For a time I lost sight of him, and I heard him opening drawer after drawer, as though he were in search of some thing. Then he stood over by his dressing-table again, with his back turned to me. His head was thrown a little back, and he had both hands up to the collar of his shirt, as though he were striving to undo it. And then there was a gush as if a fever had been upset, and down he sank upon the ground, with his head in the corner, twisted round at so strange an angle to his shoulders that one glimpse of it told me that my man was slipping swiftly from the clutches in which I had fancied that I held him. I said I had fancied that I held him in an in-

frail life, and failing health in a cause for which I freely surrendered all that youth had to offer. But now, considering his true position, was drifting into a course of life which accorded with his strength and his spirit, but not with the traditions of his house. Again, I reflected that many of those who knew my brother had passed away, that all the facts need not come out, and that my death whilst under the suspicion of such a crime would cast a deeper stain upon our name than the sin which he had so terribly expiated. For these reasons—

"The tramp of several heavy footsteps reverberating through the old house broke in suddenly upon Lord Avon's words. His wain face turned even a shade grayer as he heard it, and he looked pitifully to his wife and son."

"They will arrest me!" he cried. "I must submit to the degradation of an arrest."

"This way, Sir James; this way," said the harsh tones of Sir Lothian Hume without.

"I do not need to be shown the way in a house where I have drunk many a bottle of good claret," cried a deep voice in reply; and there in the doorway stood the broad figure of Squire Oxington in his buckskins and top-boots, a riding crop in his hand. Sir Lothian Hume was at his elbow, and I saw the faces of two country constables peeping over his shoulders."

"Lord Avon," said the squire, "as a magistrate of the county of Sussex, it is my duty to tell you that a warrant is held against you for the wilful murder of your brother, Captain Barrington, in the year 1786."

"I am ready to answer the charge."

"This I tell you as a magistrate. But as a man, and the Squire of Rougham Grange, I'm right glad to see you, Ned, and here's my hand on it, and never will I believe that a good Tory like yourself, and a man who could show his horse's tail to any field in the whole Down county, would ever be capable of so vile an act."

"You do me justice, James," said Lord Avon, clasping the broad, brown hand which the country squire had held out to him. "I am as innocent as you are; and I can prove it."

"Damned glad I am to hear it, Ned! That is to say, Lord Avon, that any defence which you may have to make will be decided upon by your peers and by the laws of your country."

"Until which time," added Sir Lothian Hume, "a stout door and a good lock will be the best guarantee that Lord Avon will be there when called for!" The squire's weather-stained face flushed a deeper red as he turned upon the Londoner.

"Are you the magistrate of a county, sir?"

"I have not the honor, Sir James."

"Then how dare you advise a man who has sat on the bench for nearly twenty years? When I am in doubt, sir, the law provides me with a clerk with whom I may confer, and I ask no other assistance."

"You take too high a tone in this matter, Sir James. I am not accustomed to be taken to task so sharply."

(Continued on page 2.)

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Roblin, Ont.

JOHN POLLARD,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Express Office, Napanee.
Strictly Private and Confidential.

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, AUG 26, 1898

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c per line for each insertion, in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

ONE OF THE BEST "TONICS"
BEEF IRON & WINE
In Full 16 Ounce Bottles
—AT—
DETLOR'S MEDICAL HALL.

Apples

Wanted.
Good servant, apply 56 Mrs. McKenty, East street.

For Sale.
A Grand Square piano in good condition; price \$125. Apply at this office.

Store to Rent.
The middle store of the Rennie Block. Apply to LAHEY & MCKENTY.

Tichborne House Barber Shop.
J. N. Osborne solicits a call from friends and strangers. Easy shave, delightful shampoo, up-to-date hair cut. If

Lost.
A short time ago a small black cape, a velvet collar, braid trimmings. The owner will be glad if left at this office.

Metallic Roofing.
I have a fine line of metallic roofing and ceilings which I am offering at reasonable rates. For particulars apply at my residence, Centre street.
MILTON JACKSON.

Now is the Time.
To buy a good timer. Watches are dirt cheap just now. Call and inspect our splendid assortment. The cheapest in town. Polite attention whether you buy or not. F. CHINNECK'S Jewelry Store.

Napanee Wood Yard.
Corner Mill and Robinson street, hard, soft, cut, or in cordwood, Trenton dry edgings and blocks. Reasonable rates. A call solicited. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. S. J. HOWARD. Telephone 81.

Wanted

Not Only a Rumor
But an absolute fact that Haines & Lockett are at present selling Shoes, of better quality and cheaper than they ever expected to do themselves. A call at their store will not occupy much time and would convince you that what they say is true.

Rugby Foot Ball.
After a canvas of the sporting material of the town, it has been decided to call a meeting of all directly or indirectly interested in local sports for the purpose of organizing a Rugby football club. Everything bids fair for a revival of the old time enthusiasm when such success was the reward. Remember the meeting at the Paisley House, Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Beat it? Well, nit.
Robert English went out fishing on Tuesday and caught sixteen black bass opposite Gretna church. When the fish were landed at the boat livery dock, Mr. Warren weighed two of the largest and they tipped the scale at 97 pounds. Can Senator Hays or Admiral Monaghan beat this?—Deseronto Tribune.

Still Another.
A gang of swindlers it is said are traveling through the rural districts claiming authority to examine wells. They examine the water through a microscope and find all kinds of bacteria, cholera and typhoid germs and permit the farmer and his wife to look through the microscope where, of course, they see the menagerie that always will be found in a drop of water. The frightened farmer is advised to apply certain remedies which the fakirs sell at high price, which prove to be a little plain soda.

Labor Day, Monday, September 5th.
Excursion to Glen Island, Glenora and Picton. The only attraction billed for Labor Day is the Sunday School Excursion of St. Mary Magdalene's Church. The Steamer Merritt will leave the dock at 8:30 a.m., for Glen Island, at which place the Sunday School will debark. The steamer will proceed to Glenora and Picton, stopping at each place, to suit the

To Farmers:
Wanted, 10,000 bushels of apples. Bring your apples, small and large assorted, to the Miller Evaporating Co., of Napanee, who will pay the highest prices for same, commencing Monday next, Aug. 29th. 37c

No Express Next Week.
Next week being our holiday week there will be no paper issued from this office. Our readers will have to worry along for one week as best they can without THE EXPRESS. The office will be open for the receipt of subscriptions and all job work will be promptly attended to.

Moonlight Excursion.
The fire brigade, of Napanee, will have a moonlight excursion on the steamer Ella Ross, on Friday, August 26th. The Napanee Citizens' Band and a string band will be in attendance. All for 25c; to Glenora and Picton. Everybody come. Boat leaves at 7.30.

Delays Are Dangerous.
If you are straining your eyes you are draining your entire supply of nerve energy. Our record book contains names of hundreds whom we have fitted, who can testify to the benefits they have received from our glasses and to our ability of adapting them to their requirements. Sight tested free. F. CHINNECK'S Jewelry Store.

The Road King.
The century Road King, Mr. F. O. Meyers, of Kingston, has accepted a position with Mr. Wm. Embury, confectioner, Dundas Street. Mr. Meyers, in addition to his prowess on the wheel, is a baker of high repute and it is said that he has few equals in the pastry line. Mr. Embury is bound to be in the front rank, if a choice stock and good workmen will insure it.

There is Something in it.
Think it over and then you will come to the same conclusion as others have done. That as we buy goods for large stores we can buy and sell at a lower price than others buying quarter the quantity. We generally pay extra for a boot or shoe and have it made with a solid insole. This accounts for the numbers of people asking why it is our boots wear so much better than others. HAINES & LOCKETT.

The Trial to go on.
During the past few years thousands have had their eyes tested by Smith the optician. Many to whom nature has denied normal vision enjoy perfect sight by the aid of his scientifically adjusted glasses. Do your eyes tire easily? Do they burn? Does the type become blurred in reading? Do you suffer from frontal headache? If so you need glasses. You can't tell what ails your eyes until you have them examined. Don't guess, don't surmise! know, know absolutely, have your eyes examined at Smith's Jewelry Store.

Meeting With Great Success.
The Napanee Electric Light Company is meeting with great success in its new venture. The men are busy wiring the town and the incandescent service is giving good satisfaction. The lights have already been placed in the following stores and residences in town: T. A. Huffman's drugstore, Coxall's grocery, The Pollard Coy's book store and printing office, Campbell House, Boyle & Son's hardware store, Wm. Boyle's residence, J. R. Dafe's mill, office and residence, J. H. Madden's residence, Thos. E. Anderson's residence, Judge Wilkinson's residence, Thos. Symington's residence, G. H. William's livery, Napanee jail. The company find that they must have more power so they have made an arrangement with Mr. Robt. Light to run the street lights. The company will put in a new power plant.

Excursion to 1000 Islands.
On Saturday next Aug. 27th, the Str. Merritt will run an excursion from Belleville to the 1000 Islands calling at all bay ports. Returning will leave Wells Island about 8 a.m. on Monday, Aug. 29th. The steamer will leave Deseronto at 9.15 a.m., from which place the fare is \$4.00, but parties from Napanee and vicinity can by calling on C. E. Bartlett obtain a ticket which will be accepted as 25 cents when purchasing your tickets at the boat, this is to help pay expense of getting to and from Deseronto, she will also call at Adolphustown at 12.30, Conway 1 p.m., Bath 2 p.m. Return tickets from the last three places 50 cents. Next Sunday the 28th, is to be the day of the season at Wells Island as the noted divines of Boston. New York.

THE AFTERMATH.
W. H. Ponton had called on Tuesday to the stone castle which has been his abode for the past few weeks. He is now fraternizing with his friends in Belleville and no doubt receiving their assurance that they have implicit faith in his innocence and his ability to clear himself of the charge with which he stands indicted. He was liberated on Tuesday at 1 o'clock p.m. his good friends Messrs. Thos. McGinnis and Jas. Cummins, of Belleville, going his bail for \$5,000 each, his own recognizance in \$10,000 being taken.

Col. Ponton and E. Gus Porter accompanied his bondsmen to Napanee on Tuesday and the party left on the afternoon express for Belleville. A number of Mr. Ponton's friends were at the station to see him off.

MADE THEM WRATHY.
Ponton's counsel were much incensed at a despatch from Napanee which appeared in Tuesday's Mail and Empire. The article was headed, "Ponton cannot get bail. Has many friends, but none of them that will put up \$10,000." "Will you kindly give that a denial in this week's Express?" queried Col. Ponton, speaking to a representative of THE EXPRESS. "We could get \$50,000 if necessary" was the way the Colonel put it, as he turned to Mr. McGinnis.

"Indeed that is right" said Mr. McGinnis. "I'm sure I have never faltered since I volunteered to be a bondsman."

The Napanee gaol will not be such an object of interest to G. T. R. passengers now as it has been for the past few weeks. From the barred window in his cell Ponton was in the habit of waving a salute to the passengers as the train thundered by. The old wooden steps leading to the flat roof over which, according to Pare's story, the return trip to Ponton's rooms, on the night of the robbery, was made, will no longer excite the interest of the curious. They were removed on Saturday. The back window, through which egress to the hallway in the Grange block was gained, has been boarded up and the block no longer sports a back entrance via the roof. It is stated that just after the bail bonds for the release of W. H. Ponton were signed a telegram was received from the Attorney General to the effect that \$5,000 bail would be sufficient.

A wild rumor was set afloat last week to the effect that Detectives Dougherty and Wilkes had "skipped" and that Mr. Osler has issued a warrant for their arrest. The story was manufactured out of whole cloth. The Pinkerton men left for New York to give evidence in a murder trial in which they were interested.

It is said that Mackie was moved to tears when Ponton was released on Tuesday. They shared the same corridor and the Belleville man feels lonesome now that Ponton has been liberated. An effort will be made to secure bail for Mackie. His counsel will make application to the County Judge for bail this week. Pare accepts the situation philosophically. He smokes a good deal and finds much solace in the weed. Holden doesn't seem to be fretting much either.

John Roach, who is at present in San Francisco, and whose father resides about two miles from Deseronto, has written a letter to the Toronto World, voicing his indignation at that paper for attempting to identify him as Roach, the tramp who was hanging around Napanee last year with Pare and Holden.

NAPANEE RIVER TROUBLE.

At the meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Portland, held last Monday, the initiatory steps were taken to procure legislation to amend the charter of the Napanee River Improvement Company so as to prohibit the Company maintaining dams, etc., in the township of Portland. This company was incorporated by Act of the Parliament of Canada in 1866, and is composed of the owners of all the water-power mills on the Napanee river, from Napanee to Bellrock.

The object of the Company was to erect dams, etc., on the Napanee river and its tributaries for the purpose of providing and maintaining a water supply, using the depot lakes in Hinchinbrooke and the "Drowned Lands" in Portland and Camden as reservoirs, from which a supply could be drawn as required through the summer months when the water would otherwise be low. About 1892 the company erected a dam in Portland on the outlet of Napanee Lake—the foot of the "Drowned Lands"—and this dam is now the bone of contention. There are in Portland and Camden 10,000 acres of low lands adjacent to the Napanee River and its tributaries, known as the "Drowned Lands"—land heavily

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 17-ly

Deseronto has been condemned as an artillery range.

H. R. Carter, druggist, died suddenly at Picton last week.

Dave Benson has purchased the trotting horse, Fred Darling.

Belleville has discarded the ward system of representation.

A branch of the G. M. B. A. will be instituted at Napanee.

Mr. Geo. Thompson will build a brick residence on Dundas street.

The A.O.U.W. held a very successful demonstration in Picton on Tuesday.

Peterboro defeated Deseronto at cricket last week by a score of 242 to 147.

C. H. Puckering and Miss Bertha Derbyshire, of Kingston, were married on Tuesday.

Deseronto is establishing a reputation as a scrappy town. About a dozen citizens were up before the cabi last week for fighting.

Close's Mills grind Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. All grists should be in before noon if wanted same day.

JAS. A. CLOSE.

Chas. Wm. Fraleigh, Toronto Junction, formerly of Bloomfield, Prince Edward county, will apply at the next session of Parliament for a divorce from his wife.

Lamps. Lamps. The largest assortment and without doubt the finest lamps in town. They are worth looking at if you don't buy. BOYLE & SON.

Dr. Henry Pigeon and Wm. Hays, of Peterboro, have been committed for trial charged with procuring an abortion on a young woman named Catherine Johnstone.

Detective Greer was in this vicinity last week investigating the recent fire at Metzler's cheese factory. He arrived at the conclusion that the fire was the work of an incendiary. Developments may follow.

A Kingston Veterinary Surgeon says that nearly all the cattle affected by the eye disease were dehorned, and advances this as an argument against the dehorning system. He has no warrant for such a statement and is simply talking through his hat.

The electrical display on Tuesday night was grand and awe inspiring. The firmament was one blaze of light for a time; sheet lightning being almost continuous. The rain came down in torrents and frequent claps of thunder rendered sleep out of the question.

Fred Lingben, a coarse, surly, dirty tramp, who has been prowling round Napanee for the past few days was given 30 days in gaol by Magistrate Daly on Monday. The gaol authorities found it necessary to put in a supply of insect powder when Lingben arrived. He says he belongs to Penitence.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

He will tell you that Scott's Emulsion cures poverty of the blood and debility of the nerves. He will say that it is the best remedy in the world for delicate children.

Dr. Zero, of the Indian Reservation, is evidently not eligible for membership in the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. While in town on Saturday last his horse took ill and he left the poor animal in the Royal Hotel shed. On Monday the Chief sent a gentle intimation to Zero that he had better attend to the animal or he would be prosecuted. This brought him to time.

FREEMAN - BROTHERS

PAPER HANGING,
PAINTING, DECORATING
CALSMONING,
GRAINING,
SIGNWRITING, ETC.

Reasonable Rates. Satisfaction Guaranteed
BOX 385, NAPANEE.

NAPANEE BOAT LIVERY

OPEN FOR THE SEASON
FIRST-CLASS BOATS FOR HIRE
by the day or hour.

Man in constant attendance. Boat Building, Outfitting, Repairing and Painting done at Reasonable Rates.
WM. THEXTON, West of Reindeer Dock.

trip by the same route, arriving at Napanee at 7 p.m. Bona fide members of the Sunday School will be furnished with free tickets to Glen Island, on application to Orin Herring, Esq., superintendent. Excursionists are advised to bring lunch baskets. Basket picnic for children of the Sunday School at the Island. Tickets for all points 30 cents.

By the

Walter L. Main Excursions.

Arrangements have been completed by which all who wish to attend the performances of Walter L. Main's Grandest and Best Shows Consolidated in Belleville on Thursday, Sept. 1st, can secure special excursion rates on all lines of travel. This will be the only point in this vicinity where the great show will exhibit during the present season, and those who fail to see it will miss the grandest amusement event of the year. Since last season Walter L. Main's famous exhibition has been doubled in size and is now beyond all question or doubt the largest and best in the United States. The performance is given by high salaried specialists, in two rings, on a stage, in mid-air, and upon a huge quarter-mile hippodrome track. The grand free street parade which takes place at 10 o'clock on the morning of the exhibition is the most magnificent ever seen. Followed by grand free daylight fireworks on the show grounds at 11 o'clock and 6 o'clock in the evening. Don't miss it.

Miller Evaporating

Canadians Turned Back.

If that feeling of mutual good will between Canada and the United States, which has been the outgrowth of our attitude towards Uncle Sam in his recent imbroglio with Spain, is to continue, our neighbors will have to repeal or amend their picayune alien labor law. The treatment accorded five young men from Sheffield township by American custom officers at Port Huron calls for the strongest condemnation and the authorities at Washington will be derelict in their duty if they do not make reparation to the young men. It appears that for the past few weeks the G. T. R. has been issuing notices that special excursion rates would be given by that line to all wishing to obtain employment in the harvest fields of North Dakota. It was intimated that farm laborers were in much demand in Dakota. Thirteen young men residing in the vicinity of Enterprise and Tamworth decided to take advantage of the cheap rates and on the 17th of August they applied to James Aylsworth, G. T. R. ticket agent at Tamworth and procured farm labourer's excursion tickets to various points in Dakota. The tickets were issued at \$10 each, and were accompanied by a certificate setting forth that if the bearer could show that he had worked 30 days in the harvest fields of North Dakota, the G. T. R. Co. would carry him back to Canada for \$18. The young men left Napanee on the 18th of August. On their arrival at Port Huron they were met by a United States customs official, who, on seeing their tickets confiscated them, and ordered the young men back to Canada. He even went so far as to threaten to arrest them if they did not return. Five of the party, viz: Phillip Wiseman, Wellington Hawley, Red Hawley, Thos. Reid and Geo. Fenwick, decided to return. They made application at the G. T. R. office for permission to return home on their tickets, but this was refused them and the little party had to pay \$5.00 each for transportation back to Napanee. It was not until the party were on board the train for home that the custom's officials returned them their excursion tickets, the certificates being withheld altogether. The rest of the party decided to take chances. They checked their baggage back to Tamworth and boarded the train. It is rumored that they got as far as Chicago, only to be turned back. The five young men, on their return to Napanee, laid their case before U. M. Wilson, of Wilson & Wilson. He immediately wrote to the Hon. Mr. Scott, Secretary of State, setting forth the facts of the case and requesting him to lay the matter before the proper authorities at Washington. Mr. Wilson also laid the matter before Manager Hays, of the G. T. R. In his letter it is shown that the young men were not violating the provisions of the alien labor law, as they were not entering the United States under contract. They were simply entering a foreign country in search of employment, and the manner in which they were treated reflects no credit on that country.

Company.

and Chicago are being used to present today. This will be the last excursion of the season for this favorite steamer and all should avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the famous 1000 Islands. Meals can be had on the boat during the entire return trip. 25cts.

W. E. VANVLACK,

Captain.

Death of J. P. Shibley.

Another landmark passed quietly away on Wednesday evening last in the person of J. P. Shibley, of Yarker. He had been in failing health for some time past and the end came on Wednesday afternoon at 5 p.m. Deceased was a son of the late Henry Shibley, an acting Justice of the Peace of the township of Portland. Like his father before him he was an acting Justice for many years and during his long and eventful life was called upon to adjudicate on many important cases. He resided in the village of Yarker all his life, where he conducted a successful mercantile business. The late Mr. Shibley was a shrewd, level-headed, business man and during his life accumulated quite a competence. He was possessed of a keen intellect and sound judgment and his advice was much sought after by many in the district. Deceased had attained to the ripe age of 75 years. He was twice married, his second wife, together with two sons and one daughter survive him. The eldest son, Dr. Shibley, a graduate of McGill College, Montreal, is a practicing physician in Colton, California. The other son is a successful merchant in Colton. His daughter, wife of the late Dr. Wiggins, who died in California, resides with her second husband, Mr. Vanluven, Moscow. Deceased was a consistent member of the Methodist church, and was a staunch Reformer. The funeral will take place from his late residence at Yarker to-day at 1 o'clock p.m.

It is estimated that there are about 25,000 idle men in Dawson city.

John Jacob Aster, of New York, is a rum cuss. He wants his taxes increased.

There is no particular harm in riding a hobby if you don't take up the whole road with it.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, nausea, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

The "peg-legs" so far arrested in connection with the murder of the London policeman, Toohy, number 28.

Capt. Nelson Hudgins, South Bay, dropped dead on Friday last while fitting a new spar on his yacht at Deseronto.

A Grand Flower Carnival will be held at the skating rink on Friday, Sept. 2nd, afternoon and evening. Admission 10c. Particulars next week.

The Napanee Water and Electric Light Co. contemplate putting a dynamo for the street service in Robt. Light's Mill, as they are too crowded at the power house.

Mabel Pollet, a ten-year old Kingston girl, walked out of a second storey window in her sleep on Saturday and fell 18 feet, landing on her head. She is getting better.

Mr. Max Fox covered himself with glory this week by landing a twelve pound pike. He performed the feat at Nicholson's point, thereby breaking all previous records in that locality.

The court finds that the Earl de la Warr is blameable, but not guilty, and that Terah Hooley is rash and inaccurate, but not a liar. The ordinary layman will frown at these "legal technicalities."

At a picnic recently held in Eganville, two beef cattle, twenty-five sheep and several wagon loads of other eatables were consumed by the crowd. The receipts of the picnic amounted to \$1,100.

Bogus Canadian five cent pieces are in circulation. The bogus coin is a shade larger than the genuine and has a very tiny ring when dropped on the counter. Otherwise it is an excellent imitation.

Wednesday night a live electric wire dropped on the roof of Hulest's studio. It started a small conflagration that might have assumed large proportions had it not been noticed in the nick of time by Mr. Jos. Bennett.

500 GALLONS
PURE PALE BOILED LINSEED OIL
at 50c. GALLON.

Genuine White Lead.

Elephant, Tiger & "E" Brand.

W. S. DEYLER, MEDICAL HALL.

and other valuable timber, and having a soil of rich black muck, that makes it the very best agricultural land in the country if it could be utilized; and for the inability to do so the Napanee River Improvement Company is held responsible.

It is claimed that on account of the maintenance of this dam at the foot of Napanee Lake and the letting of the water off the lakes above Bellico through the summer months, the "Drowned Lands" are flooded and rendered useless to their owners, but that if the water was allowed to run off in the spring the lands could be utilized for agricultural purposes. In addition, the flooding in the summer months has caused the timber on these lands to decay, and physicians attribute the prevalence of malarial fever and other diseases in the vicinity to the same cause.

The Council instructed Mr. E. T. Shibley, solicitor, to take the necessary steps to apply at the next session for legislation to amend the Company's charter so as to prohibit the maintenance of any dams on those waters in Portland, and to enable the municipality to proceed under the Ditches and Water courses Act to reclaim and improve these lands.

It has been decided by the owners to bring a test case against the Company for damages to timber, etc., and they have instructed Mr. Shibley to take proceedings immediately. It is likely that the case will be tried at the Fall Assizes in Kingston.

Mr. A. V. Price, of Camden, sustained a heavy loss on Friday afternoon last. A spark from a steam thresher caused his barn together with all the outer buildings to be laid in ruins. The season's crop was also consumed. There was a small insurance on the building.

Don't read this, or you will learn that A. S. Kimmerly is selling the best self sealers cheaper than you ever bought them before, prices per doz. pints 50c., quarts 55c., half gallons 70c., jelly tumblers 30c per dozen. No. 1 Hour \$2.50 per 100, Bran and shorts always in stock.

Mr. Aylsworth is put down as one of the candidates who were elected by the constable vote. In Lennox, the majority was 43, polling booths 23, constables 11, majority without constables' vote, assuming that all voted Liberal, 32, and in any case the seat is not asked for by the other candidate.

R. L. Middleton, forger, bigamist, and fake railway projector, is in Woodstock jail charged with obtaining money under false pretences. He has three wives living and was engaged in booming a railway project from Brantford to Woodstock when the strong arm of the law took him in charge.

An inquest is being held over the remains of Mary Rodgers, the 14 year-old Bloomfield girl, who died under suspicious circumstances on July 29th. Her brother-in-law, Geo. Althouse, is suspected of having had a criminal operation performed on the girl. The people of Prince Edward county are greatly exercised over the affair.

The wind last week played some queer pranks. On Thursday it lifted one of Wm. Thexton's boats bodily out of the water. It whirled it round and landed it in the middle of the stream, bottom side up. Another boat shared the same fate only it landed right side up with care. For a time Will thought the boat livery was going to be turned upside down, too.

Every person coming to Napanee should call in the Pink Glass Store and inspect their goods before going elsewhere to buy. We have a fine stock of meats of all kinds at the very lowest price. Flour, sugar and tea at the same rate, in fact the finest 25c. tea in Napanee. Also a large stock of fruit jars at the very lowest price. Call and see for yourself. C. E. SHANNON.

The Robin Sunday School did not have a pleasant day for their excursion per Steamer Reindeer on Wednesday. Nevertheless it was well patronized and despite the rain all present seemed to enjoy themselves. While leaving for home a large rig crowded with Sunday School scholars broke down on Dundas street, but after some delay it was repaired, and the youngsters went on their way rejoicing.

The biggest hog ever heard of has been produced by a farmer of Deseronto, Ala. This hog which is only three years old, weighs 1,524 pounds, and is so fat that it cannot rise. It is ten feet two inches long, and four and a half feet high, and is of the Berkshire breed crossed on the native Southern Stock. His owner has refused five hundred dollars for it, as he thinks he can make more by moving it from place to place and exhibiting it.

PERSONALS.

Miss M. Madden has been visiting friends in Odessa.

Percy Asselstine has been visiting in Kingston.

Miss Woods has returned to her home in Brookville after a pleasant visit with friends in Napanee and Odessa.

Miss Viola Allen has been visiting friends in Wellington, Prince Edward County.

Arthur Scott, Cherry Valley, has been visiting his uncle, W. O. Scott.

Nightwatchman Perry returned last week from a pleasant visit with friends in Watertown. He is on duty again.

Miss Arnold, of Ogdensburg, is the guest of Miss Green.

Miss Taylor, of Rochester, and Miss Palmer, of Buffalo, are the guests of Miss Kent, Salem.

F. J. Sherlock, C. P. R. Agent at Killarney, Manitoba, with his wife and children, are spending a few days in town the guests of his uncle, Mr. Jehiel Ayls worth.

Miss Nettie Kelly, Kingston, is the guest of her friend, Miss Lee.

Chas. Papineau and Jas. Mathewson wheeled to Belleville on Saturday and spent a few days there.

Miss Cassie Ford is visiting friends in Erinsville.

Mrs. Henry Savage is visiting friends in Perth.

Walt, Frizzell returned to Toronto on Friday.

Messrs. F. H. Carson and E. J. Pollard will attend the Industrial Fair at Toronto next week.

Mr. P. J. Sherlock, wife and family, of Killarney, Man., spent last week in Odessa the guests of her uncle, Dr. Meacham.

Miss Effie Anderson, teacher, of South Lake, spent Saturday in town.

Mrs. and Miss Stone, of Bloomfield, were in town on Saturday, the guests of Mrs. John Carson.

Miss L. M. Hall returned to town on Saturday after spending a pleasant week at Silver Beach, the guest of Capt. Holmes and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert English, of Deseronto and Miss Rose Duckworth, of Belleville, were the guests of Mrs. Dr. Ming for a few days this week.

Miss Saulie, of Toronto, is the guest of Miss Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Burley, and two children, of Rochester, are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burley.

Miss S. Clucheth, of Portsmouth, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Thos. Hill, of the firm of Loyd and Hill, Florists, will leave for his home in England on the 8th of September.

Mr. Robt. Switzer, of Toronto, is visiting friends in town.

Master Charlie and Miss Kathleen McAlister, of Toronto, are spending the holidays the guests of their uncle, Mr. R. McAlister, Deseronto Junction.

Mrs. R. McAlister, Deseronto Junction, was in town on Monday.

Rev. D. C. Clancy, of Chicago, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Vanluven, expects to sail for India on Sept 10th.

Mrs. K. J. Strong, left for Manitoba last week on a visit to her brother.

Dr. Alex. Embury, of Belleville, has opened an office at Bancroft and will locate there permanently.

Mr. W. H. Williamson, of Picton, arrived in town this week and will commence operations at the Miller evaporating factory on Monday. Mr. Williamson has secured control of the Miller evaporator and is fully conversant with all the branches of the business.

Mrs. Maybee, of Madoc, is visiting her son, Mr. Geo. E. Maybee, Piety Hill, this week.

Mrs. O'Hara is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Jos. Bennett, Watertown.

Mr. Arthur and Miss Annie Fennell are visiting friends in Prince Edward County.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clark, of Rochester, are visiting friends in town.

Mr. M. Shannon, of Centerville, favored us with a call on Saturday.

Mr. Fred Scott left for Idaho this week on a visit to his brother.

Miss Annie Skillen, of Picton, has been visiting in town the guest of Miss Ada Reid.

Dr. Wilson Huff, Rome, N. Y., who has been spending a few days in Napanee favored us with a call on Saturday.

BUSY DAY PRICES

AT

OUR SUMMER SALE

Two Items for the Boys

BOY'S FELT KNOCKABOUT AND FEDORA HATS,

about fifty, all colors, usual value 50c.—clearing at.....

33c.

BOY'S STRIPE GALATEA SUITS,

Blouse and Pants, fast washing colors.....

50c.

TWO ITEMS FOR MEN.

MEN'S TWEED SUITS MADE TO ORDER

\$10.00

Come and look at the Cloth and see what it means, it's something new.

MEN'S CLOTHING READY-MADE

AT COST.

Never mind the reason, the FACT means money for you.

A THOUSAND ITEMS FOR WOMEN.

of special cuts in prices of every class and kind of goods. There are

Dresses at cut prices.

Trimmings at cut prices.

Silks at cut prices.

Gloves at cut prices.

Hosiery at cut prices.

DISCOUNTS ON

Embroideries,

Laces,

Parasols,

Table Linen,

Napkins,

Table Covers,

Prints,

Flannelettes,

Corsets,

Carpets,

Rugs,

All Men's Furnishing Goods.

Next week we show

OUR NEW FALL MANTLES.

Sahery & McKenty
NAPANEE

SMART YOUNG MAN WANTED.

Mrs Findlay and Mrs. Perry, of Camden East returned from St. Thomas last Friday.

Mrs. Dr. Cook and Miss Maggie Cook, of Toronto, are calling on friends in Napanee on their return from the river trip to Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shibley, of Providence, are expected to arrive here on Saturday on a visit to friends in Napanee and vicinity. Mr. Shibley is a brother of Mrs. Pinkle, of Napanee. Mr. Shibley wields a facile pen and has favored the Express with several entertaining letters on American

Old Things.

"As easy as an old shoe," is a familiar saying," said Mr. Staybolt, "and there can be no doubt that an old shoe is a mighty comfortable thing. After we have worn the new shoes, close fitting, hard and formal, how gladly we put them off, and with what joy we put on the shoes that are old and worn and familiar to the feet! Old shoes, however, are not the only things old that we like. We like an old bed, if it is not

Church of England Notes.

PARISH OF ADOLPHSTOWN—Services Sunday 2nd. St. Paul's, Sandhurst 11 o'clock; St. Alban's, Adolphstown, 3 o'clock; St. Jude's, Gosport, at 7.30.

PARISH OF CAMDEN—Services Sunday next. St. John, Newburgh, morning prayer, holy communion, 10.30 a.m.; St. Jude, Napanee Mills, 3 o'clock; St. Luke, Camden East, 7.30 p.m. The collection at these three churches will be for the superannuated fund for aged and infirm clergy.

P. Powley has been spending a few days in town.

A rumor reached town on Sunday night that George Thompson, formerly of Haines & Lockett, had died at Winnipeg. His many friends will be pleased to know that George is still alive and kicking. He was very close to the Valley of the Shadow, but is now almost recovered from a severe attack of appendicitis.

A. E. Newlands, writing master in Kingston, Ont., school, has tendered his resignation to accept the position of writing and drawing master in the Normal and Model Schools, Ottawa.

Union Lodge No. 3, A.F. and A.M., of Napanee, and Craig Lodge, of Deseronto, paid a fraternal visit to the brethren of Picton last evening. The trip was made per Steamer Kila Ross and a most enjoyable time was spent.

Mr. C. W. Timmerman, of Odessa, sang a solo in the western church on Sunday evening last, which was much appreciated. While Mr. Timmerman was singing the electric lights went out, and the church was shrouded in darkness.

Mrs. Dr. Eakins, and baby boy, left for home on Tuesday after spending a pleasant two weeks with friends in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Switzer, of Toronto, left for home last Monday.

Miss Carrie Hughes, of Kingston, left for home last Tuesday.

Mrs. S. D. Clark, of Odessa, was visiting friends in Napanee last week.

Mrs. John George, of Minneapolis (nee Miss Ida Lake, of Belleville) who has been visiting friends in Napanee and Newburgh, left for Belleville on Saturday.

Henry Davy, Esq., of Odessa, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. James D. Henry, of Toronto, is holidaying in town.

Miss Emma Perry, of Kingston, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Jennie Ryan, of Marysville, was calling on friends in Napanee last week.

Mr. Harry Mowers left for Montreal on Monday.

Alfred Rendell is recovering from a severe attack of illness.

Frank W. Hymes, Norwich, N. Y., is the guest of Miss L. M. Hall.

Messrs. Max Fox, John Pollard, E. J. Pollard and M. B. McDonald wheeled to Nicholson's point on Sunday and spent a very pleasant day at the camp there. Mr. Pollard remained over for a couple of days.

Mr. C. A. Hooper has returned to Lindsay. His old employers offered him a very satisfactory situation, and as he could not dispose of his property there to advantage, he thought it best to accept the position and return to his family and friends. That was his reason for leaving Mr. Scott's employ.

Miss Pearl Sexsmith, of Wallbridge, is visiting friends in Napanee.

Mr. Wm. Scott, of Toronto, is the guest of his father, Mr. Jno. I. Scott.

W. H. Scott, of Newburgh, has secured a lucrative position as manager of Fisher's grocery store, Lindsay.

Camp LeNid will break up this week. W. S. Herrington returned to town on Thursday.

Claude Chapman, of Watertown, is visiting friends in Napanee.

Rev. W. W. Peck and Messrs. T. G. Carscallen, W. G. Wilson, Dr. Wartman, John T. Grange, and Wm. Templeton have returned from a week's cruise down the Bay in the yacht Madge.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Day, of Napanee, visited the Sand Banks last week.

Miss Chinneck returned this week from a month's visit with Miss Grace Chalmers, Adolphustown.

Messrs. Herm. Meng, D. Fralick, and Fred Smith wheeled to Tweed and back on Sunday. They felt no worse after their century run.

Mrs. Geo. A. Blewett has returned to her home in Napanee, after visiting friends in Picton.

Miss Blanche Allison, of Lennox County is visiting at Glenora.

Mrs. Bruce E. Johnson and Mrs. M. C. Lowe were guests of Geo. A. Cliff, Napanee, during their recent visit there.

Miss Emma Howell, of Napanee, is the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) Whiteman.

Miss Jessie Arkett has secured the school at the Gore G. We wish her success.—Picton Gazette.

Uriah Wilson, M.P., of Napanee, was in town on Tuesday.—F. S. Kitchin and family, on board steam yacht "Siesta," started on Saturday for a cruise through the Thousand Islands.—Miss M. Kimmerly of Napanee, has been visiting friends in town during the past week.—Deseronto Tribune.

Mr. Clarence Vine, son of James Vine, Salem, was "At Home" to a number of his friends on Wednesday evening. A most enjoyable time was spent.

DIED.

SHIBLEY.—At Yarker, on Wednesday, Aug. 24th, John A. Shibley, aged 75 years.

There will be no Fair at Belleville this year.

Meets Your Needs.—When you feel tired, languid, nervous and are troubled with pimples and eruptions, you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla exactly meets your needs. It purifies and enriches the blood and imparts to it the qualities needed to tone the nerves and nourish the whole system. It cures all blood humors.

The following method of keeping butter cool is given by an exchange: Get a common flower pot and a large saucer, fill the saucer half full of water and set the dish of butter upon it. Then cover butter and saucer with the flower pot by turning the flower pot. Close the hole in the bottom of the flower pot with a cork, then dash water over the flower pot every time it becomes dry. If set in an airy space a small dish of butter for the table can be kept cool and firm without ice.

The Salvation Army has appointed the dates of this year's Harvest Thanksgiving Celebration to be Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, August 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st. The officers and soldiers of the local corps are busily scheming and planning for a special series of meetings for these dates, and they will endeavor to make the same moral and attractive in every way. Full announcements will be given out later on. The eminent success which indisputably the Salvation Army has had in reaching the masses, otherwise untouched by other organizations, will invite and doubtless secure assistance from every

while still soft and comfortable it is also shaped somewhat to the body, which it supports at every point, yielding a degree of comfort which not the finest of beds can afford when it is new.

"But it is so with all things old, that are not too old, including old habits. We cling to them so long as they give us comfort, and we hate to change. We are creatures of habit, who would if we could follow to the end along the first comfortable rut we fall into and never look out above its sides. And it is well for us that our shoes wear out and that we have to buy new ones and wear them, that we are in various ways compelled to change, that we are rooted out now and then and set going anew."—New York Sun.

The Passion of the Hour.

Every year modern habits become more unlovely and modern sensibilities more blunted. The preservation of what is beautiful, per se, at the present time is almost always ridiculed, unless it can be shown to be joined to some profit or utility.

The characteristic passion of the hour is greed—greed of possession, desire of acquisition and passion for ostentation. Trade has become an octopus embracing the whole world. The thirst for gain engrosses all classes. Beauty, unless it be a means of gain, is to this temper a useless, or worse than a useless, thing; it is regarded as a stumbling block and inebriation. It is doubtful if even the power of perceiving what is beautiful has not in a great measure left a large part of the population in all countries. Modern cities would not be what they are now had not the race to a great extent grown color blind and become without the sense of proportion. Modern builders and modern engineers would remain unoccupied were not the generations which employ and enrich them destitute of all artistic feelings.—Ouida in Fortnightly Review.

The Birthplace of Josephine.

Fort de France, Martinique, is the strongest fortified point the French own in America. It is both a military and naval station, and a fort was erected on a mountain top three years ago, which has since been improved and strengthened by some of the most modern guns known in warfare.

During the civil war the United States cruiser Kearsarge chased the Confederate blockade runner Alabama into the harbor, and was on the point of opening fire on her when the authorities forbade it. Here they remained for some time, and during a stormy night the Alabama slipped out and disappeared in the Caribbean sea.

Several times the place has been badly damaged by tropical cyclones, during which hundreds lost their lives. It is noted as being the birthplace of the Empress Josephine; a life size piece of statuary of her adorns the principal plaza. The fort has had for years but one family—the king of Dahomey and his six wives, whom the French captured after great trouble in the African wilds and imprisoned.—Philadelphia Record.

Dawson City Prices.

Here is a recent bill of fare of a Dawson City restaurant: Coffee or tea, 75 cents a cup; pie, 75 cents a piece; porridge, \$1.75 a plate; soup, \$1 a plate; sandwiches, 75 cents each; steak, \$3; a portion of candied fruit, \$1; whisky, 50 cents a glass; complete table d'hôte meal, half an ounce of gold.

Culinary Information.

Mistress—Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as it can be.
New Cook—Yes, mum, that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in water ten, each.—Town and Country Journal.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA

The Rev. Arthur Jarvis will be the preacher. St. Anthony, Yarker, 7 o'clock.

Tennessee Assurance.

In March, 1790, the sheriffs of the territory which is now Tennessee took a census of their own, and as there were 60,000 citizens of proper age, the territory declared itself a state, proceeded to choose a governor, a congressman and a legislature, which selected two United States senators. Congress, then in session in Philadelphia, had received no information regarding the action of the territory until congressman and senators walked in uninvited and announced that a state had been born, had elected its officers, made its laws and was running on scheduled time.

Congress was disconcerted and notified the applicants that the sheriff's census was irregular and they must wait at least for an invitation before they proceeded to sit at the federal table. Upon second thought congress decided to be courteous, and on June 1 admitted Tennessee, nearly three months after she had become a state by her own action. This state, whose coming into the Union was a little previous, was the third state in the Union to provide a president for the Union and the first outside the original 13, and with one exception the only state south of the Ohio and the James ever to furnish a president, and she has provided three, more than any other state except New York, Virginia and Ohio.—Boston Transcript.

Smart Boy This.

"Father," asked Tommy, the other day, "why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?"

Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought, and was hardly prepared to answer offhand.

"Why—why," he said stumbingly, "it's so because it is, I suppose."

"Well, pop, since I'm your father, I'm going to give you a ticket to the circus and half a crown besides. I always said that if I was a father I wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in, pop, and have a good time while you're young. I never had any chance myself!"

Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank astonishment at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing a half sovereign, he said:

"Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself."—London Graphic.

Sun and Weather.

On the 1st of July the earth receives 6 per cent less heat from the sun than it does during a corresponding period in the month of January. But winter does not occur then in the northern hemisphere, because the sun runs high in the sky and its rays fall upon the earth more nearly vertically than six months later, and, too, the day is much longer than the night, so that while the sun sends us a little less heat in total amount we get a much larger proportion of what it does give us than we do in January, when the total heat for the whole earth is greater.—New York Times.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is the only safe, reliable monthly medicine on which ladies can depend in the hour and time of need.

Is prepared in two degrees of strength.

No. 1 for ordinary cases is by far the best milder medicine known—sold by druggists, one Dollar per box.

No. 2 for special cases—10 degrees stronger—sold by druggists. One box, Three Dollars; two boxes, Five Dollars.

No. 1, or No. 2, mailed on receipt of price and three-cent stamps.

The Cook Company,
Windsor, Ont.

Sold in Napanee by all responsible

Novelties In Ties

JUST TO HAND.

Comprising the Newest, the Brightest, and the most Striking Effects in up-to-date Neckwear.

BARGAINS IN BOY'S CLOTHING

We will sell the balance of our Spring Stock of Boy's Suits

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D. J. Hogan & SON.

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